

FRONTISPIECE.



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THE *Gal 9 8 2*
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR WIT. *K*

BEING
A COLLECTION
OF
SEVERAL CURIOUS PIECES,

IN VERSE AND PROSE:

WRITTEN BY

LORD CHESTERFIELD,
LORD HARDWICKE,
LORD LYTTTELTON,
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MR. CHURCHILL,
MR. GARRICK,
MR. POTTER,
DR. AKENSIDE,

AND OTHER EMINENT PERSONS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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Speedily will be published,

T H E

S E C O N D V O L U M E .

O F T H E

N E W F O U N D L I N G H O S P I T A L F O R W I T .

C O N T A I N I N G

S E V E R A L C U R I O U S P I E C E S ;

A N D

E M B E L L I S H E D W I T H A F I N E F R O N T I S P I E C E .



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THE
NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL
FOR WIT.

ISABELLA: OR, THE MORNING.

WRITTEN BY

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

ARGUMENT.

The D— of M—— is represented as rising from breakfast with her parrot, monkey, and lap-dog.—Dicky B—man comes in with a Staffordshire *tea-pot*, with which the D—s is charmed:—a simile—She makes a fine speech upon the occasion, which is broken off by General C. Ch—ll's coming in.—His character.—His first speech.—The D——es shews him the *tea-pot*.—She tells him of fire-works to be sold at Margas's, which give him an opportunity of telling a story of some he saw in Flanders. It appears from the very beginning of the story that it could have no end.—It is broken off by the entrance of Charles St—pe.—A simile on his coming in. His character as a companion.—He gives an account of a *Polypus*. The D——es longs for a *Polypus*. Both the Charles's fall fast asleep, on each side of the D—s.
Con-

Contrast between Susanna and the two elders.—
 The whole company roused by Lord L——l's
 coming into the room.—His character.—He talks of
 the opera, of Ch——ld and Fanny*.—Lady Fanny's
 looks owing to love.—The General begins the
 story of Miss How.—The company's dismay de-
 scribed at the General's beginning the story.—The
 clock strikes three.—The D——s rings to dress.
 —The company rises.—The departure of the com-
 pany described.

ISABELLA: OR, THE MORNING.

In various talk th' instructive hours they pass. MILTON.

THE monkey, lap-dog, parrot, and her Grace,
 Had each retir'd from breakfast to their place,
 When, hark, a knock! "See Betty, see, who's
 there:"

" 'Tis Mr. B—n, Ma'am, in his new chair :
 " Dicky's new chair! the charming'st thing in town,
 " Whose poles are lacker'd, and whose lining's
 " brown!"

But see; he enters with his shuff'ling gait;
 " Lord, says her grace, how could you be so late?" }
 " I'm sorry, Madam, I have made you wait," }
 Bateman reply'd, " I only staid to bring
 " The newest, charming'st, most delightful thing!"
 " Oh! tell me, what's the curiosity!
 " Oh! shew it me this instant, or I die!"

* Lady F. S——y.

To please the noble dame, the courtly 'Squire
 Produc'd a *tea-pot* made in Staffordshire:
 With eager eyes the longing D——'s stood,
 And o'er and o'er the shining bauble view'd:
 Such were the joys touch'd young Atrides' breast,
 Such all the Grecian host at once express'd,
 When, from beneath his robe—to all their view,
 Laertes' son, the famed Palladium drew.
 So Venus look'd, and with such longing eyes,
 When Paris first produc'd the golden prize.
 "Such work as this, she cries, can England do!
 It equals Dresden, and excels St. Cloud:
 All modern China now shall hide its head,
 And ev'n Chantilly must give o'er the trade:
 For lace let Flanders bear away the bell,
 In finest linen let the Dutch excell;
 For prettiest stuffs let Ireland first be nam'd,
 And for best fancy'd silks let France be fam'd:
 Do thou, thrice happy England! still prepare
 This clay, and build thy fame on earthen-ware."

Much she'd have said, but that again she heard
 The knocker—and the General appear'd.

The Gen'ral! one of those brave old commanders,
 Who serv'd through all the glorious wars in Flanders;
 Frank and good-natur'd, of an honest heart,
 Loving to act the steady friendly part:
 None led through youth a gayer life than he,
 Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee.
 Sweet was his night, and joyful was his day,
 He din'd with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay;
 But with old age its vices came along,
 And in narration he's extremely long;

Exact

Exact in circumstance, and nice in dates,
 He each minute particular relates.
 If you name one of Malbro's ten campaigns,
 He tells you its whole hist'ry for your pains;
 And Blenheim's field becomes by his reciting,
 As long in telling as it was in fighting:
 His old desire to please is still express'd;
 His hat's well cock'd, his perriwig's well dress'd;
 He rolls his stockings still, white gloves he wears,
 And in the boxes with the beaux appears;
 His eyes thro' wrinkled corners cast their rays;
 Still he looks chearful, still soft things he says:
 And still rememb'ring that he once was young,
 He strains his crippled knees, and struts along.
 The room he enter'd *smiling*; which bespoke
 Some worn-out compliment, or thread-bare joke.
 (For not perceiving loss of parts, he yet
 Grasps at the shade of his departed wit.)
 "How does your Grace? I hope I see you well:
 What a prodigious deal of rain has fell!
 Will the sun never let us see his face?
 But who can want a sun that sees your Grace?"
 I'm your servant, Sir—but see what I have got!
 I'n't a prodigious, charming *pot*?
 And a'n't you vastly glad we make them here,
 For Dicky got it out of Staffordshire.
 See how the charming vine twines all about!
 Lord! what a handle! Jesus! what a spout!
 And that old Pagod, and that charming child!
 If Lady T——nd saw them, she'd be wild!"
 To this the Gen'ral answer'd, "Who would not?
 Lord! where cou'd Mr. Bateman find this *pot*?

Dear

Dear Dicky, cou'dn't you get one for me?
 I want some useful china mightily;
 Two jars, two beakers, and a *pot pourrie*."

"Oh, Mr. Churchill, where d'ye think I've been?
 At Margus's, and there such Fireworks seen,
 So very pretty, charming, odd and new;
 And, I assure you, they are right India too!
 I've bought them all, there's not one left in town;
 And, if you was to see them, you wou'd own
 You never saw such fire-works any where."

—Oh, madam, I must beg your pardon there,
 The Gen'ral cry'd, "for 'twas in the year Ten;
 No, let me recollect, it was not then;
 'Twas then year *Eight*, I think, for then we lay
 Encamp'd with all the army near Cambray——
 Yes, yes, I'm sure I'm right, by one event,
 We supp'd together in Cadogan's tent;
 Meredith, Lamly, Palmer, and poor Geo. Grove,
 And merrily the bumpers round we drove;
 To Malbro's health we drank confounded hard;
 For he'd just beat the French at Oudenard:
 And Lord Cadogan then had got by chance,
 The best champagne that ever came from France.
 And 'twas no wonder that it was so good,
 For some dragoons had seiz'd it on the road;
 And they were told from those they took it from,
 It was design'd a present for Vendosme.
 So we"—But see another Charles's face
 Cut short the Gen'ral, and relieves her Grace.

So, when one crop-sick parson, in a doze,
 Is reading morning-service through his nose,

Another

Another in the pulpit strait appears,
 Claiming the tir'd-out congregations ears,
 And with a duller sermon ends their pray'rs,
 For this old Charles is full as dull as t'other,
 Bavius to Mœvius was not more a brother ;
 From two defects this talk no joy affords,
 From want of matter, and from want of words.

“ I hope, says he, your Grace is well to-day,
 And caught no cold by vent'ring to the play.”

“ Oh, Sir, I'm mighty well—wont you sit down?
 Pray, Mr. S—, what's the news in town?”

“ Madam, I know of none ; but I'm just come
 From seeing a curiosity at home :

'Twas sent to Martin Folkes, as being rare,
 And he and Desaguliers brought it there :

It's call'd a *Polypus*.”—“ What's that?”—“ A creature
 The wonderful'st of all the works of nature :

Hither it came from Holland, where 'twas caught,
 (I should not say it came, for it was brought)

To-morrow we're to have it at Crane-court,
 And 'tis a reptile of so strange a sort,

That if 'tis cut in two, it is not dead ;
 Its head shoots out a tail, its tail a head ;

Take out its middle, and observe its ends,
 Here a head rises, there a tail descends ;

Or cut off any part that you desire,
 That part extends and makes itself entire :

But what it feeds on still remains a doubt,
 Or how it generates, is not found out ;

But at our board, to-morrow, 'twill appear,
 And then 'twill be consider'd and made clear,

For all the learned body will be there.”

“ Lord !

“ Lord! I must see it, or I am undone,
 The D—s cry’d, pray can’t you get me one;
 I never heard of such a thing before,
 I long to cut it, and make fifty more;
 I’d have a cage made up in taste for mine,
 And, Dicky, you shall give me a design.”

But here the General to a yawn gave way
 And St——pe had not one more word to say,
 So stretch’d on easy chairs in apathy they lay;
 And on each side the goddesses they ador’d
 One Charles sat speechless, and the other snor’d.
 When chaste Susannah’s all subduing charms
 Made two old lovers languish for her arms,
 Soon as her eyes had thaw’d the frost of age,
 Their passions mounted into lustful rage;
 With brutal violence they attack’d their prey,
 And almost bore the wish’d-for prize away.

Hail, happy D—s! ’twixt two elders plac’d,
 Whose passions brutal lust has ne’er disgrac’d;
 No warm expressions make your blushes rise,
 No ravish’d kils shoots light’ning from your eyes:
 Let them but visit you, they ask no more,
 Guiltless they’ll gaze, and innocent adore.

But hark! a louder knock than all before,
 “ Lord! says her Grace, they’ll thunder down my
 door!”

Into the room see sweating L—I break,
 (The D——s rises, and the elders wake :)
 L—I,—the oddest character in town;
 A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon:
 Extract him well, this is his quintessence,
 Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense; To

To neither party in his heart inclin'd,
 He steer'd through both, with politics refin'd ;
 Voted with Walpole, and with Pultney din'd.

His Lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,
 Then opens with preliminary chat ;

“ I'm glad to see your Grace—the Gen'ral too—

“ Old Charles, how is it? Dicky! how d'ye do?

“ Madam, I hear that you was at the play,

“ You did not say one word on't yesterday ;

“ I went, who'd no engagement, any share,

“ To th' opera.”—Were there many people there?

The Duchess cry'd:—“ Yes, madam, a great many,

Says Lovel”—“ There was Ch——d and Fanny.

In that eternal whisper, which begun

Ten years ago, and never will be done ;

For tho' you know he sees her ev'ry day,

Still he has ever something new to say ;

There's nothing upon earth so hard to me,

As keeping up discourse eternally ;

He never lets the conversation fall,

And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball ;

I saw that her replies were never long,

And with her eyes, she answer'd for her tongue.

Poor I! am forc'd to keep my distance now,

She won't ev'n curt'sy if I make a bow.”

“ Why things are strangely chang'd, the Gen'ral
 cry'd ;

Ay, *fortune de la guerre*,” my Lord reply'd :

“ But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so,

As we both did some twenty years ago.”

“ And take off twenty years, reply'd her Grace,

'Twould do no harm to Lady Fanny's face ;

My

My Lord, you never see her but at night,
 By th' advantageous help of candle-light :
 Drest out with every aid that is adorning,
 Oh, if your Lordship saw her in a morning !
 It is no more that Fanny once so fair ;
 No roses bloom, no lillies flourish there :
 But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,
 Repentance, love and disappointment speak."

The General found a lucky minute now
 To speak—"Ah, ma'am, you did not know Miss How."
 I'll tell you all her history, he cry'd—
 At this Charles S——e, gap'd extremely wide ;
 Poor Dicky sat on thorns ; her Grace turn'd pale,
 And L——l trembled at th' impending tale.
 " Poor girl ! faith she was once extremely fair,
 'Till worn by love, and tortur'd by despair :
 Her pining cheek betray'd her inward smart ;
 Her breaking looks foretold her breaking heart.
 At Leicester-house her passion first began
 And Nanty L——er was a pretty man ;
 But when the P——es did to K—— remove,
 She could not bear the absence of her love ;
 Away she flew."—But here the clock struck three ;
 So did some pitying deity decree ;
 The D——es rings to dress—and see her maid
 With all the apparatus for her head,
 Th' adorning circle can no longer stay,
 Each rises, bows, and goes his different way.
 To antient Boothby's antient C——ill's flown ;
 Home to his dinner S——pe goes alone :
 Dicky to fast with her, her Grace invites,
 And L——l's coachman drives unbid to White's.

A N E P I G R A M

ON A CERTAIN LADY'S COMING INTO THE ROOM AT
BATH, WITH A DIAMOND CRESCENT IN HER HAIR.

BY MR. POTTER.

CHaste Dian's crescent on her front display'd,
Behold! the wife proclaims herself a maid!
Come, fierce Taillard, or fiercer Julius come;
On this fair subject urge the contest home,
Pluck honour from this emblematic moon,
And solve the point which puzzles W—n:
This radiant emblem you may then transpose,
And give the horned crescent to the spouse.

WRITTEN UNDER

THE PICTURE OF DR. HAYTER,
BISHOP OF NORWICH,

SOON AFTER HE WAS DISMISSED FROM HIS POST OF
GOVERNOR TO THE PRINCE OF WALES IN 1752.

NOT gentler virtues glow'd in Cambray's breast,
Not more his young Telemachus was bless'd;
'Till envy, faction, and ambitious rage
Drove from a guilty court the pious sage.
Back to his flock with transport he withdrew,
And but one sigh, an honest one he knew!
O guard my royal pupil, heav'n! he said;
Let not his youth be, like my age, betray'd!
I would have form'd his footsteps in thy way—
But "vice prevails, and impious men bear sway."

A S I M I L E.

CORINNA, in the country bred,
 Harbour'd strange notions in her head,
 Notions in town quite out of fashion :
 Such as, that love's a dang'rous passion ;
 That virtue is the maiden's jewel ;
 And, to be safe, she must be cruel.

Thus arm'd, she'ad long secur'd her honour
 From all assaults yet made upon her,
 Had scratch'd th' impetuous captain's hand ;
 Had torn the lawyer's gown and band ;
 And gold refus'd from knights and squires
 To bribe her to her own desires :
 For, to say truth, she thought it hard
 To be of pleasures thus debarr'd,
 She saw by others freely tasted ;
 So pouted, pin'd, grew pale, and wasted :
 Yet, notwithstanding her condition,
 Continued firm in opposition.

At length a troop of horse came down,
 And quarter'd in a neighb'ring town.
 The cornet he was tall and young,
 And had a most bewitching tongue.
 They saw and lik'd. The siege begun,
 Each hour he some advantage won.
 He ogled first ;—she turn'd away ;—
 But met his eyes the following day.
 Then her reluctant hand he seizes :
 That soon she gives him, when he pleases.
 Her ruby lips he next attacks :—
 She struggles ;—in a while she smacks.

Her snowy breasts he then invades :
 That yields too after some parades ;
 And of that fortress once possess'd,
 He quickly masters all the rest.

No longer now a dupe to fame,
 She smothers or resists her flame,
 But loves without or fear or shame.

So have I seen the *Tory* race,
 Long in the pouts for want of place,
 Never in humour, never well,
 Wishing for what they dar'd not tell,
 Their heads with country-notions fraught,
 Notions in town not worth a groat,
 These tenets all reluctant quit,
 And step by step at last submit,
 To reason, eloquence, and *Pitt*.

At first to Hanover a plum
 Was sent.—They said—*A trivial sum,*
But if he went one tittle further,
They vow'd and swore, they'd cry out Murder.
 Ere long a larger sum is wanted,
 They pish'd and frown'd,—but still they granted.
 He push'd for more, and more again—
Well, money's better sent, than men.
 Here virtue made another stand—
No—not a man shall leave the land.
 “What?—not one regiment to Embden?”
 They start, but now they're fairly hemm'd in.
 These soon, and many more are sent.—
 They're silent—Silence gives consent.
 Our troops they now can plainly see,
 May Britain guard in Germany :

Hanoverians,

Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians,
 Are paid to oppose the French and Russians:
 Nor scruple they with truth to say,
 They're fighting for America.
 No more they make a fiddle-faddle
 About an Hessian horse or saddle;
 No more of Continental measures,
 No more of wasting British treasures;
 Ten millions, and a vote of credit—
 'Tis right—he can't be wrong, who did it:
 They're fairly sous'd o'er head and ears,
 And cur'd of all their rustic fears.

DOLL COMMON.

A FRAGMENT.

IN ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.



So, lost to sense of shame and duty,
 Doll, came to town, to sell her beauty:
 Cælia, her friend, with heart-felt pain,
 Had preach'd up virtue's lore in vain:
 In vain she tried each winning art;
 For *Doll* had lewdness in her heart.
 Thus bent to be a sordid whore,
 She knock'd at Prostitution's door,
 * * arose, and let her in,
 And stroak'd her cheek, and chuck'd her chin;

While far from whimpers, sobs, or weeping,
 Doll curt'sied, and was soon in keeping :
 Now in Hyde Park she flaunts by day,
 At night she flutters at the play.
 This keeper, and a second died ;
 Now Doll is humbled in her pride.
 At length she comes upon the town ;
 First palms a guinea, then a crown ;
 Nay, Slander says, that underhand,
 The forlorn wretch would walk the Strand ;
 'Till grown the scorn of man and woman,
 A pot of beer would buy Doll Common.

Mean time, deep smit with honest flame,
 Cælia espous'd a youth of fame ;
 From the chaste bed fair issue sprung ;
 With peals of joy the country rung.
 Again the matron pregnant grown,
 Now hastens to lie in, in town.
 There *near* the Park, Doll Common *found* her,
 (Her little family around her)
 Then Doll began—so modest miss !
 Is all your prud'ry come to this ?
 Why, by your apron's round, I see,
 You're e'en a strumpet rank, like me :
 “ *Quite cur'd of all your rustick fears,*
 “ *And fairly sous'd o'er head and ears.* ”
 Coy simp'ring maids, I find can sin :
 For shame, your belly's at your chin :
 In spite of all your virt'ous lore,
 You're now become an arrant whore.

Fair Cælia's cheek a blush o'erspread ;
 And thus with calm disdain she said :
 That love possesses me, 'tis true ;
 Yet, heav'n be prais'd ! I am not you :
 " *My head's with country notions fraught,*
 " *Notions to you not worth a groat.*"
 Aided by ev'ry virt'ous art,
 A gen'rous youth has won my heart.
 Yet never did I yield my charms,
 'Till honour led me to his arms.
 My charms I never basely sold ;
 I am no prostitute for gold ;
 On my own rents I liv'd before,
 Nor has my William added more.
 Wealth is our scorn ; our humble labours
 Aim but to *serve*, or *save* our neighbours.
 See—Heav'n has blest our chaste embrace ;
 Behold this little smiling race,
 The offspring of an honest bed ;—
 Here, Senegal, hold up your head :
 This tawny boy his parents boast,
 Shall bring us gold from Afric's coast :
 And mark these twins of Indian mien,
 This Louisbourg, and that Du Quesne :
 Their bold and honest looks presage
 They'll be our comfort in old age.
 And if the babe that swells my womb,
 To a propitious birth shall come,
 O'erjoy'd I'll bless the happy day,
 And call our child America.

Thus Cælia spake with modest grace,
 But rage deform'd the harlot's face:
 Her fi'rey eyes began to roll,
 A hag in look, a fiend in soul:
 And now she vomits forth the din
 Of oyster-wenches drunk with gin.
 Nay, rumour scruples not to tell ye,
 The strumpet kick'd the matron's belly,
 Of the fair coming birth afraid;
 For black *abortion* was *her trade*.

CORINNA VINDICATED.

CORINNA, virtue's child, and chaste
 As *Vestal* maid of yore,
 Nor fought the nuptial rites in haste,
 Nor yet those rites forswore.

Her, many a worthless knight, to wed,
 Pursued in various shapes;
 But she, tho' chusing not to lead,
 Would not be led by—*Apes*.

Roysters they were, and each a mere
 Penelope's gallant;
 They eat and drank up all her chear,
 And lov'd her into want.

See her by W—— first address'd,
 (But W—— caught a Tartar)
 Him while an ill-earn'd ribband grac'd,
 She wore a nobler garter.

A pair of brothers next advance,
 Alike for business fit :
 The filly 'gan to kick and prance,
 And spurn the P—— bit.

But who comes next ? O well I ken
 Him playing fast and loose ;
 Cease, F——, the prey will ne'er be thine,
 Corinna's not a goose.

See, last the man by heav'n design'd,
 To make Corinna blest'd ;
 To ev'ry virtuous act inclin'd,
 All *patriot* in his breast.

He woo'd the Fair with manly sense,
 And, flattery apart,
 By dint of sterling eloquence
 Subdued Corinna's heart.

She gave her hand—but, lest her hand,
 So giv'n, should prove a curse,
 The *priest* omitted, by command,
For better and for worse.

SOME STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO NO MINISTER NOR GREAT MAN.

WITH all thy titles, all thy large estate,
 And all the favours which a King can grant,
 Something is wanting still to make *thee* great,
 And still that something *thou* wilt ever want.

For it is greatness, at a sumptuous board
 To feast a county, and to hear thy name
 'Mid noisy revels riotously roar'd,
 When longer than the banquet, lasts not fame?

Or is it greatness in the pomp of pow'r
 Each morn a crowd obsequious to collect,
 Pleas'd to accept th' obeisance of an hour,
 When with the levee endeth all respect?

He who is great some nobler purpose shews :
 Nor feasts nor levees *his* attention claim :
 That which is fit and right he first pursues,
 And after finds it justify'd by fame.

What tho' a fawning academick train,
 O shame to learning ! on thy footsteps wait ;
 Tho' flattering muses in a courtly strain
 Salute *thee* pillar of the British state ;

Yet in fair history's impartial page,
 Penn'd nor in flatt'ring nor invective strain,
 Truth will report *thee* to the future age
 No statesman, but a courtier light and vain.

For

For hath *thy* civil prudence well upheld
 The state, 'gainst foreign or domestic foe?
 Was fierce rebellion by *thy* counsels quell'd?
 By *thee* averted Gallia's threat'ned blow;

Where was thy foresight, when the Gaul prepar'd
 To seize the provinces of Albion's realm?
 That foul disgrace with *thee* tho' *others* shar'd,
 Yet seiz'd they were when *thou* wert at the helm.

And tho' once more Britannia lifts her head,
 By pow'rful nations sees herself rever'd,
 And hails her valiant sons by glory led
 T'assault that realm whence late assault she fear'd;

Yet from their deeds no honour *thou* can'st gain,
 Tho' vict'ry's laurels should their brows intwine:
 For when didst *thou* their arduous toils maintain?
 Or of their bold exploits which plan was *thine*?

Didst *thou* secure the harvest of the land
 Amid invasion's threat and war's alarm?
 When martial weapons fill'd the reaper's hand,
 Was it *thy* voice exhorted him to arm?

Have fleets and armies by *thy* orders mov'd
 To distant lands and oceans far remote?
 And when success those orders hath approv'd,
 Do crowds *thy* wisdom and *thy* spirit note?

Yet in the triumph *thou* assum'st a share,
 Bufling, important, full of giddy zeal;
 And vainly sit'st with ministerial air,
 A fly of state on glory's chariot-wheel.

S T A N Z A S

ADDRESSED TO A GREAT MINISTER AND GREAT MAN.

WITH titles, honours, and a large estate,
And all a favour'd subject can possess,
Can ought be wanting still to make thee great,
Or can envenom'd slander make thee less?

For sure 'tis greatness, nobly to disdain
The high rewards that wait the statesman's toils,
And rather, with unsparing hand, to drain
Thy private wealth, than share the public spoils.

And sure 'tis greatness, to the muse's choir
Thy soft'ring care and bounty to extend,
With royal smiles her grateful train to fire,
And Attic grace with Spartan morals blend.

Who, such a length of years, 'midst party rage
And veering patriots, with deserv'd applause,
In place, in pow'r, has shown, from youth to age,
True to his king and to his country's cause?

On whose firm credit, ere the terms were known,
Have Britain's wealthy sons so oft rely'd,
In whom such boundless confidence been shewn,
Or on whose word such millions been supply'd?

Hence to thy toils each distant nation pays
That just regard which envy here denies;
Hence, future annals shall record thy praise,
And lasting trophies to thy honour rise.

Who,

Who, when of old the public torrent ran,
 With boist'rous rage, polluted from its source,
 In early life, with care and cost began
 To check, to turn, and regulate its course?

Who, unreprouch'd, has since for half an age,
 In freedom's cause such stedfast zeal approv'd?
 Who cou'd th'esteem of Sire and Son engage,
 By each entrusted; and by each belov'd?

And tho' detraction now these wreaths would tear,
 And break those bands whence all our triumphs
 flow,

Who plac'd our Tully in the consul's chair?
 To whose advice this statesman do we owe?

Say, when Hortensius in the senate rose,
 Who on his rival fix'd his sov'reign's choice?
 That well-weigh'd choice, deplor'd by Britain's foes,
 And prais'd with transport by the public voice!

Still may the world, *distinguish'd pair*, behold
 What bliss your country to this union owes!
 Still to the winds her conqu'ring flags unfold,
 And pour her strength collected on her foes!

And oh! in glorious radiance tho' the flies
 Of envy float, on brisk but transient wing,
 Their harmless rage regard with scornful eyes,
 Nor heed their buzz,—you cannot fear their sting.

THE BEAVERS. A FABLE.

WRITTEN IN 1759.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

ONCE on a time, how long ago
 Perhaps chronologists may know,
 On a wide lake, far north and cold,
 A race of beavers had their hold;
 Their island cabbins duly stor'd,
 And feasted at a plenteous board.
 To industry and labour bred,
 Mean-while they toil'd, as well as fed;
 Nor waited their decreasing store
 To fail, are provident of more.
 Continual plenty, hence, by stealth,
 Grew up to luxury and wealth:
 When now, alas! in evil hour,
 To wealth succeeds the thirst of power.
 No longer satisfied to reign
 Sole masters of the wat'ry main,
 To see the trembling otter fly,
 Hereditary enemy!
 Condemn'd, tho' starving on the shore,
 To trespass on the lake no more:
 Contented not that nature gave
 The spoils and triumphs of the wave;
 But, vainly fond to shew their might,
 Or turn out champions for the right,
 They interfere in all disputes
 Between the continental brutes,

And

And, parties in their feuds to make,
 Their island tenements forsake;
 Transporting madly brutes and stores,
 Blind war to wage on foreign shores,
 And save from otters, bears, or cats,
 Land-beavers vile or worthless rats.
 Mean-while, at home, in various ways
 Their wealth's consum'd, their strength decays;
 Recruits and payment of allies
 Demand exorbitant supplies;
 While e'en by battles, fought and gain'd,
 Their little state is only drain'd.

Sagacious creatures shall we call
 The brutes that squander thus their all?
 Or shall we not their wit deride,
 Who thus expose their weakest side?

But time and circumstance you say,
 May change the face of things.—They may:
 Yet neither, sure, can change the nature,
 Of brutal more than human creature!
 And yet, as if some revolution
 Had happen'd in his constitution,
 Thus, oft' the beaver leaves his home,
 On mountain-wilds, for wars, to roam;
 Unnat'ral wars! to him at least,
 Amphibious, moisture-loving-beast!
 In which a gen'rous jack, with pride,
 He always takes the weakest side;
 And hires the poor at his expence,
 To stand up in their own defence:

While

While ten to one, he trusts the Gods,
 To him are even trifling odds :
 As if to win, his surest way
 Was still to choose the losing play.
 Or loggerheads he took delight in,
 And fought but for the sake of fighting.

Yet beavers are accounted wise,
 And need no burthenfome allies :
 Their holes, in liquid walls immur'd,
 From danger and assaults secur'd.

Alas, dame Nature surely meant
 Each creature for its element.
 If birds must dive and fishes fly,
 What wonder if they droop and die !

Now so it happ'd, as poets sing,
 A Land-rat was the beaver's king :
 By all belov'd, without dispute,
 A just, humane, and honest brute ;
 Who, yet, throughout his gracious reign,
 Too highly priz'd his old domain ;
 Too poor, too weak, without allies
 To stand amidst its enemies.
 And therefore at their own expence
 The beavers purchas'd its defence ;
 Or when by chance of war 'twas lost
 Redeem'd it always at their cost ;
 Bribing the tygers, bears and cats,
 With subsidies to spare the rats,
 And keeping in their constant pay,
 The bandogs, not to prowl that way.

Now

Now on a day, it so fell out,
 The landed brutes began their rout.
 A cat, of cat-a-mountain race,
 Spit in the lordly tyger's face;
 And, aided by a wild she-bear,
 In pieces vow'd his limbs to tear.
 The tyger bravely bid defiance,
 And claim'd the beaver-king's alliance.
 Mean-while the otters join'd the cats,
 And wreak'd their vengeance on the rats:
 A vengeance they were urg'd to take,
 For what they suffer'd on the lake;
 Where now their fishing haunts were gone,
 And holds all ruin'd, one by one;
 And not an otter dar'd to dive;
 Or, daring, reach'd the shore alive.
 So pow'rful were the beavers grown,
 While conquest made the lake their own!
 Vain conquest! if constrain'd, at last,
 To fully all their glory past,
 By giving back each dear-bought prize,
 To save their poor or weak allies;
 Who now, by num'rous foes enthrall'd,
 Aloud for their assistance call'd;
 The beavers readily consenting
 To do, what done, they're sure repenting.
 And yet, alas! 'twas all in vain,
 The patriots ventur'd to complain:
 'Twas all in vain to represent
 The stores immense they yearly spent,
 How much they owed, and to their sorrow,
 How much they still were forced to borrow:

In

In vain they shew'd the end they fought,
 When, 'gainst the otters first they fought,
 By almost ev'ry battle gain'd,
 At length completely was obtain'd;
 And therefore, having got their end,
 They need no longer to contend;
 But, standing on their own defence,
 Might now contract the war's expence:
 And, would the foe accept of peace,
 Exact a general release;
 Or, sparing thus their blood and treasure,
 Might leave him to make peace at leisure.

Remonstrance just ! but 'twas in vain:
 Success had turn'd each beaver's brain;
 The tyger's martial fame and fire
 Did all their heated breasts inspire;
 And every honest, plodding beaver,
 Seiz'd with a military fever,
 Careless of what was done, or doing,
 Ran, fighting-mad, the road to ruin.
 Nay even the chief, who, once more loud
 Than any of the patriot crowd,
 Roar'd out his insolent reflections
 On the great Rat and his connections,
 A ministerial beaver grown,
 Now bow'd obedient to the throne;
 And, worse than either of the *brothers*,
 Adapted measures, damn'd in others;
 Measures himself condemn'd so late,
 As big with ruin to the state!
 Yet now he swallow'd all th' objections,
 He made before to land connections.

The

" The Tyger's call, the Rats' distress,
 " Demanded instantly redress;
 " And gen'rous brutes should sacrifice
 " Themselves, their all, for their allies."
 How much unlike this specious cant,
 To all his former, noisy, rant !
 To that fine, florid, declamation,
 By which he us'd to gull the nation !

But, as the mob had been so loud
 To praise this idol of the crowd,
 His friends were now asham'd to own
 Their honest chief had chang'd his tone;
 And let him lead them, by the snout,
 As tho' he ne'er had turn'd about.
 Mean-while, with grief, the patriot few,
 Who best the beaver-int'rest knew,
 Saw him, on every slight pretence,
 Abuse the public confidence ;
 And enter into every measure
 Contriv'd to squander blood and treasure :
 Beheld the waste of both increase
 To purchase war, instead of peace ;
 While more their toil and less their gain :
 How just a reason to complain !
 The fruits of half their labour thrown
 Away, in quarrels not their own.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

Houses, churches mixt together,
 Streets unpleasant in all weather,
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,
 Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
 Showy outfides, insides empty ;
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
 Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Lords of laundresses afraid ;
 Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
 Noble, simple, all conditions :
 Worth, beneath a thread-bare cover,
 Villainy, bedawb'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray ;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
 Some that will not—more that will.

Many a beau without a shilling,
 Many a widow not unwilling ;
 Many a bargain, if you strike it,
 This is London ! — How d'ye like it ?

O N

MR. NASH'S PICTURE,

AT FULL LENGTH, BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF SIR
I. NEWTON, AND MR. POPE, AT BATH.

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dress;
To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
And exercise their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, god of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom doth express:
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sun-shine of the mind:
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right,
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass;
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between,
 Adds to the thought much strength ;
 Wisdom and Wit, are little seen,
 But Folly's at full length.

A DIALOGUE IN A THIN HOUSE.

SAYS Sir John to lord E—, how uncrowded we
 fit,

And find no delay, or from reason or wit !

Your pencil was fear'd and your notes caus'd remark,
 But now all is snug without *hear him, or bark !*

Let's into the country, and wait some event,

LORD E—, But what shall we tell those by whom we
 were sent ;

SIR J——. We must tell them, in short, that atten-
 dance is vain,

'Till business is done in the house once again ;

For that now at the council the laws are all made,

And the Commons are Cyphers in taxes and trade.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

IN antient times the Roman laws decreed
 A sure reward for ev'ry martial deed ;
 And he who *sav'd one Roman life*, 'tis said,
 A Civic crown embrac'd the hero's head.—
 —Hail happy times, and justly Golden nam'd !
 Ye gave rewards where Britons would be blam'd.
 He *now*, who saves our men, no crown obtains ;
 Who saves our ships, we shoot him for his pains.
 Since these are so, it follows then of course,
 Small's the reward *for him who saves our horse*.

ON THE MONUMENTS IN
WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

BY THE LATE MR. C. CHURCHILL.

IN fam'd cathedral, who'd expect
 Pallas, a heathen goddess,
 To lift her shield, come to protect
 Lord Stanhope ! --- this most odd is !

Or to see Hercules, a son
 Of Jupiter (as fabled)
 How'ring like old nurse, o'er an Admiral's bust,
 As if his pupil, or by him enabled.

What could they more,
 In times of yore
 Do, heroes to defend?
 What could our stage exhibit more,
 Than make the Gods descend?

Verger, or Beadle, who thou art,
 That hast the supervising part,
 Fain would I mace lay thee on;
 For Dean's-Yard boys, with much surprise,
 Being thus greatly edify'd,
 May throw their books of Heathen Gods aside;
 And, shortly, there (I fear) see rise
 In statuary, *The whole Pantheon.*

VERSES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR PARK,

IN THE YEAR 1762. BY THE SAME.

WHEN Pope to Satire gave its lawful way,
 And made the Nimrods of mankind his prey,
 When haughty Windsor heard through ev'ry wood;
 Their shame, who durst be great, yet not be good;
 Who drunk with pow'r, and with ambition blind,
 Slaves to themselves, and monsters to mankind;
 Sinking the man to magnify the prince,
 Were heretofore what Stuarts have been since:
 Could he have look'd into the womb of time,
 How might his spirit in prophetic rhyme,
 Inspir'd by virtue, and for freedom bold,
 Matters of different import have foretold!

How might his muse, if any muse's tongue
 Could equal such an argument, have sung
 One William who makes all mankind his care,
 And shines the saviour of his country there;
 One William who to every heart gives law;
 The son of George, the image of Nassau!

ON MR. PITT'S RESIGNATION IN 1761.

NE'er yet in vain did heav'n its omens send,
 Some dreadful ills unusual signs portend!
 When Pitt resign'd, a nation's tears will own,
 * *Then fell the brightest jewel in the crown.*

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT. BY LORD
 LYTTETTON.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
 Happen'd to cross each other's way,
 Said Virtue, ' Hark ye, madam Fame,
 ' Your ladyship is much to blame;
 ' Jove bids you always wait on me,
 ' And yet your face I feldom see.

* Alluding to the largest jewel falling out of the king's crown at his coronation.

' The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
 ' And bids it praise some handsome strumpet ;
 ' Or, thund'ring thro' the ranks of war,
 ' Ambition ties you to her car.'

Saith Fame, ' Dear madam, I protest
 ' I never find myself so blest
 ' As when I humbly wait behind you ;
 ' But 'tis so mighty hard to find you !
 ' In such obscure retreats you lurk !
 ' To seek you is an endless work.'

' Well,' answer'd Virtue, ' I allow
 ' Your plea. But hear, and mark me now,
 ' I know (without offence to others)
 ' I know the best of wives and mothers ;
 ' Who never pass'd an useless day
 ' In scandal, gossiping, or play ;
 ' Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
 ' Is lively chearful innocence ;
 ' Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
 ' Whose duty is her sole delight ;
 ' Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
 ' Her parents joy, her husband's passion.'
 Fame smil'd, and answer'd, ' On my life,
 ' This is some country parson's wife,
 ' Who never saw the court nor town,
 ' Whose face is homely as her gown ;
 ' Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—
 ' No, madam, no—You're much mistaken——
 ' I beg you'll let me set you right—
 ' 'Tis one with ev'ry beauty bright ;
 ' Adorn'd with ev'ry polish'd art
 ' That rank or fortune can impart ;

'Tis

- ‘ ’Tis the most celebrated toast
- ‘ That Britain’s spacious isle can boast ;
- ‘ ’Tis princely Petworth’s noble dame ;
- ‘ ’Tis EGREMONT—Go, tell it, Fame !

ADDITION EXTEMPORE, BY THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

- Fame heard with pleasure—strait reply’d,
- ‘ First on my roll stands WYNDHAM’s bride.
 - ‘ My trumpet oft I’ve rais’d to sound
 - ‘ Her modest praise the world around ;
 - ‘ But notes were wanting.—Can’st thou find
 - ‘ A muse to sing her face, her mind ?
 - ‘ Believe me, I can name but one,
 - ‘ A friend of your’s—’tis LYTTTELTON.’

LORD L——’s LETTER TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A Thousand thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be lord chancellor, rather than a laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The muse who in my youthful days
Had oft inspir’d my careless lays.

She

She smil'd, and said, ' Once more I see
 ' My fugitive returns to me;
 ' Long had I lost you from my bower,
 ' You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
 ' With me no more your genius sported,
 ' The grave historic muse you courted;
 ' Or, rais'd from earth, with straining eyes,
 ' Pursu'd Urania through the skies;
 ' But now, to my forsaken track,
 ' Fair Egremont has brought you back;
 ' Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
 ' That soft, that pleasing path to tread;
 ' For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
 ' Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
 ' Lo! to my flow'ry groves and springs
 ' Her fav'rite son the goddess brings,
 ' The council's and the senate's guide:
 ' Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
 ' He comes, he joys with thee to join
 ' In singing Wyndham's charms divine;
 ' To thine he adds his nobler lays,
 ' E'en thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
 ' Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
 ' His fame with burgeses or with cit;
 ' For sure one line from such a bard
 ' Virtue would think her best reward.'

I N V I T A T I O N

TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

BY LORD LYTTTELTON.

WHEN Peace shall, on her downy wing,
 To France and England Friendship bring,
 Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
 That homage we delight to give
 To foreign talents, foreign charms,
 To worth which envy's self disarms
 Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
 That nation which you now approve.
 So shall by France amends be made
 (If such a debt can e'er be paid)
 For having with seducing art
 From Britain stol'n her H—v—y's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

BY THE SAME.

DRUMGOLD whose ancestors from Albion's shore
 Their conq'ring standards to Hibernia bore,
 Tho' now thy valour, to thy country lost,
 Shines in the foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
 Think not that France shall borrow all thy fame
 From British fires deriv'd thy genius came:

Its

Its force, its energy to these it ow'd,
 But the fair polish Gallia's clime bestow'd :
 The graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
 And liveliest wit with soundest sense combin'd.
 They taught in sportive fancy's gay attire
 To dress the gravest of the Aonian choir,
 And gave to sober wisdom's wrinkled cheek
 The smile that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
 Pay to each realm the debt that each may ask :
 Be thine, and thine alone, the pleasing task,
 In purest elegance of Gallic phrase
 To cloath the spirit of the British lays.
 Thus ev'ry flow'r which ev'ry muse's hand
 Has rais'd profuse in Britain's favour'd land,
 By thee transplanted to the banks of Seine,
 Its sweetest native odours shall retain.
 And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
 In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
 The rival nations, thou for both shalt raise
 The grateful song to his immortal praise.
 Albion shall think she hears her Prior sing,
 And France, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string.
 Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
 Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind ;
 Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd ;
 Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd ;
 By pride unsullied, genuine dignity ;
 A noble and sublime simplicity.
 Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shewn,
 France shall with joy the fair resemblance own,
 And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
 To imitate the merit they admire.

E P I G R A M.

SAYS epicure Quin! should the D—l in H—ll,
 In fishing for men take delight,
 His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
 By G—d, I am sure I should bite!

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY,

ON SEEING DUKE HUMPHRY AT ST. ALBAN'S.

A Plague on Egypt's arts, I say!
 Embalm the dead! on senseless clay
 Rich wines and spices waste!
 Like sturgeon, or like brawn, shall I
 Bound in a precious pickle, lie,
 Which I can never taste?

Let me embalm this flesh of mine
 With turtle-fat, and Bourdeaux wine,
 And spoil th' Egyptian trade!
 Than Humphry's duke more happy I——
 Embalm'd *alive*, old Quin shall die
 A mummy ready made.

D. G.

MR.

MR. PITT'S LETTER *

TO HIS FRIEND IN THE CITY, VERSIFIED.

IT WAS WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF HIS RESIGNING
THE SEALS IN 1761.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING found with surprise, that my late resignation,

Both in manner and cause, by misrepresentation
 Hath been grossly abus'd: that his majesty's grace,
 Which follow'd, *spontaneous*, my quitting my place,
 Hath been slander'd most basely and vilely perverted
 To a bargain, for having the publick deserted;
 The truth of these facts I am forc'd to proclaim,
 And the manner, no gentleman surely will blame.
 That I and the council were of diff'rent opinions
 Of importance to Britain, her crown and dominions,
 Regarding the measures we should take against Spain,
 (Yet pray, my dear Sir, understand what I mean)
 Not founded on what she may now be designing,
 But what she has done, was my cause for resigning.

Lord Temple and I submitted in writing,
 And sign'd by us both our project for fighting,
 But as the whole council against us combin'd,
 On the fifth of this instant the seals I resign'd,

* There was no genuine answer to this letter, as was pretended.

That I might not for measures hereafter be try'd,
 Which I was not allow'd any longer to guide.
 Most gracious the marks of the king's approbation,
 That follow'd, not went before, my resignation,
 No merit I boasted, no pension I crav'd,
 Yet with pride from the best of all sov'reigns, receiv'd.

For the honour of truth I these matters explain,
 Nor any man's confidence wish to regain,
 Who with a credulity weak as unjust,
 Can suspect one of basely betraying his trust,
 Who long serv'd his country with zeal and success,
 And rais'd her to glory from shame and distress :
 Who justly the candid and upright reveres,
 But the base and capricious nor values, nor fears.
 I beg, my dear Sir, my best thanks you'll receive
 For all your *kind friendship*, and will always believe,
 That I am, &c. &c. &c.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS DESCRIPTION

OF WEST WYCOMBE CHURCH, &c.

BY MR. JOHN WILKES.

I Am just returned from a tour into Buckinghamshire, which has afforded me much pleasure. The noble prospect from Cliefden-house enchanted me, and I was in raptures with the many elegant beauties of *Stowe*. As an Englishman, I was pleased that all the great patriots and heroes of my country, Alfred, king William the third, Hampden, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. receive there that just tribute of praise, which this nation, while it remains free, will continue to pay to superior virtue. At *Stowe* both ancient and modern virtue are enshrined with grateful magnificence. Not only good taste, but patriotism, are conspicuous in that delightful paradise, the favourite abode of the virtues, graces, and muses. *Stowe*, however, has so often been described by abler pens, that I shall dwell no longer there, though I never leave it without the most sensible regret.

I returned by West-Wycombe, and passed a day in viewing the villa of lord Le Despencer, and the church he has just built on the *top* of a hill, for the convenience and devotion of the town at the *bottom* of it. I must own, the noble lord's gardens gave me no stronger idea of his virtue or patriotism, than the situation of the new built church

church did of his piety. Some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade or vanity. I believe this is the first church, which has ever been built for a prospect. The word memento in immense letters on the steeple surprised and perplexed me. I could not find the mori, or perhaps the other word was meri, from the practice as well as the precept of the noble lord. As to the elegance of the Latin, his lordship has embarrassed himself as little about that, as he has about the elegance of his English. *Memento mori* is besides more monkish, and therefore more becoming St. Francis. This conjecture, that the other word on the outside must be meri, is farther strengthened by the magnificent gilt ball at the top of the steeple, which is hollowed and made so very convenient in the inside for the celebration, not of devotional, but of convivial rites, that it is the best globe tavern I was ever in; but I must own that I was afraid my descent from it would have been as precipitate as his lordship's was from a high station, which *turned his head too*. I admire likewise the silence and secrecy which reign in that great globe, undisturbed but by his jolly songs, very unfit for the profane ears of the world below. As to secrecy, it is the most convenient place imaginable; and it is whispered, that a negotiation was here entamée by the noble lord himself, with Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill. The event will shew the amazing power of his lordship's oratory; but if from perverseness neither of those gentlemen then yielded to his wise reasons,

D

nor

nor to his dazzling offers, they were both delighted with his divine milk punch.

There is one remarkable temple in the gardens at West-Wycombe, dedicated to—the Egyptian Hieroglyphic for ****. To this object his lordship's devotion is undoubtedly sincere, though I believe now not fervent, nor do I take him to be often prostrate, or indeed in any way very regular in his ejaculations. He is however here consistent, for he keeps up the same public worship in the country, which he has been accustomed to in town. There was for many years in the great room at the king's arms tavern, in Old Palace-yard, an original picture of Sir Francis Dashwood presented by himself to the *Dilettanti* club. He is in the habit of a Franciscan, kneeling before the Venus of Medicis, his gloating eyes fixed, as in a trance, on what the modesty of nature seems most desirous to conceal, and a bumper in his hand, with the words *matri sanctorum* in capitals. The glory too, which, till then had only enriched the sacred heads of our Saviour and the apostles, is made to beam on that favourite spot, and seems to pierce the hallowed gloom of Maidenhead-thicket. The public saw, and were for many years offended with so infamous a picture, yet it remained there, till that club left the house. As to the temple I have mentioned, you find at first what is called an *error in limine* ; for the entrance to it is the same entrance by which we all come into the world, and the door is what some idle wits have called the door of life. It is reported that, on a late visit to his

his chancellor, lord Bute particularly admired this building, and advised the noble owner to lay out the 500 l. bequeathed to him by lord Melcombe's will for an erection, in a Paphian column to stand at the entrance, and it is said he advised it to be made of Scottish pebbles. There are in these gardens no busts of Socrates, Epaminondas, or Hampden, but there is a most indecent statue of the unnatural satyr; and, at the entrance to the temple I have mentioned, are two urns sacred to the Ephesian matron, and to Potiphar's wife, with the inscriptions *Matronæ Ephesæ Cineres, Dominae Potiphar Cineres*. Between these urns, containing the sacred ashes of the great and virtuous dead, which are, with a happy propriety, *doubly gilt* (though not quite so strongly as that at Hammer-smith for the ashes of lord Melcomb's—wife) you ascend to the top of the building, which is crowned with a particular column, designed, I suppose, to represent our former very upright state, when we could say *fuimus tories, fuit ingens gloria*, and is skirted with very pretty underwood, the Cyprian myrtle, &c. the meaning of which I could not find out.

The house contains nothing remarkable, excepting only that there is on the grand stair-case a very moral painting of a maid stealing to her master's bed, laying at the same time her fingers on her lips, as if she were the *Dea Angerona* of West-Wycombe.

On my return I had the pleasure of seeing the noble lord's elegant japanned coach; but while I was reading his new motto in Gothic letters, *Pro Magna*

Charto, the mob were hollowing, *Liberty, Property, and no Excise*; and I was forced to make the best of my way to the park, where I found a very odd thing, which I mean to present to the society of antiquaries. It is a gold button, with IHS, and the sign of the cross, enamelled on it, which I guessed to belong to some concealed brother of the society of Jesus, though a servant in green claimed it as the property of St. Francis, and said that it was a part of the *pontificalibus* worn by his master when he officiated on certain festivals of high laugh at the mysteries of——

I made afterwards a little tour to the celebrated abbey of Medmenham, the description of which I am sure would entertain you; but I am too fair a man to disclose to the public the English Eleusinian mysteries of that renowned convent.

THE

THE THREE CONJURORS,

A POLITICAL INTERLUDE. STOLEN FROM SHAKESPEARE.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT SUNDRY PLACES IN WEST-
MINSTER, ON SATURDAY THE 30th OF APRIL,
AND SUNDAY THE FIRST OF MAY, 1763.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GREMONTE,	}	Three Conjurors.
HAXY,		
BOREAS,	}	Great Men.
MACBOOTE,		
SPENCO,		
HECATE,		
PHILIP,	}	Inferior Conjurors.
ROBERT,		

Messengers, Constables, Bagpipers, and other suitable attendants.

SCENE *A private place.*

Hollow murmurs.

Enter Three Conjurors.

1st C. **W**HEN shall we three see again
An easy and a peaceful reign?

2^d C. When the hurly burly's o'er,
When this W—kes shall be no more.

3^d C. Then we reach a safer shore:

1st C. When will it be?

2^d C. That's in dispute.

D 3

3^d C.

3d C. Now let's go to meet Mackboote!
(Hecate from within.) — Gremonte!

1st C. Hecate calls, away!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
 To skreen Macboote is all our care.

(All rise from their seats and hurry off.)

S C E N E *changes to the fields, with a magnificent statue in the middle.*

Re-enter the three Conjurers.

1st C. Where hast thou been, brother?

2d C. Signing writs.

3d C. Brother, where thou?

1st C. A clumsy priest had papers in his hand,
 And laugh'd, and laugh'd, and laugh'd; give me,
 Quoth I!

Avaunt thee, wretch! the rump-fed pastor cries,
 His comrade to the castle gone, master o'th' Briton,

But a pursuivant I'll send
 Who shall bar out ev'ry friend,

I'll do—I'll do—I'll do.—

2d C. I'll give thee a voice.

1st C. I do rejoice.

3d C. And I another.

1st C. Macboote himself has all the other.

Master of the venal tribe
 Who can ev'ry law prescribe
 To the c—c-l-board.

He shall drain him dry as hay;
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his penthouse lid;
 From friends and pen and ink forbid;

Seven long days, and nights, or nine,
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine,
 Tho' a m—mb—r can't be lost,
 Yet he shall be faction toft ;
 Look what I have !

2d C. Shew me, shew me.

1st C. Here are Peace Preliminaries,
 Sign'd---tho' all beside miscarries.

*(Here a general whisper, which is interrupted
 by the sound of bagpipes.)*

3d C. The bagpipes hear !
 Macboote is near !

All. The British conj'rors cheek by jowl
 Subject to Macboote's controul
 Thus do go about, about.

1st C. Thrice to thine.

2d C. And thrice to mine !

3d C. And thrice again to make up nine !

All. Peace, the state's wound up.

*Enter Macboote and Spenco, with pipers, messengers,
 constables, and other suitable attendants.*

Mac. So fair and foul a day I have not seen.

Spenc. How far is't hence to th' castle ? what are these
 So stupid and so strange in their address,
 That look not like the m—n—ers of st—te,
 And yet are in't---Cheat you, or are you aught
 That man may trust ? you seem to understand me
 By each at once his empty noddle laying
 Upon his shoulder---you should be *old women*,
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 So well of you.

Mac. I charge you speak! what bring you?

1st C. All hail Macboote! hail to thee k—
O'th' Th--tle!

2d C. All hail Macboote! hail to thee k—t
O'th' G—t—r!

3d C. All hail Macboote! that *would'st* be
King hereafter!

Spenc. Why do you start, my lord, and seem amaz'd
At things which you do know?---I'th' devil's name
Are you old womanish, or that indeed
Which outwardly you shew?---my noble patron
You greet with present grace, which he possesses;
Of nobler having, and of future hopes
He now seems wrapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the m—n—try
And see which man shall rise, and which shall not,
Speak then to me, who humbly beg your favour,
And greatly fear your hate.

1st C. Hail!

2d C. Hail!

3d C. Hail!

1st C. Fatter than Macboote, and shorter.

2d C. Not so *poor*, yet much poorer.

3d C. Thou may'st get lords, but he get---

So all hail---Macboote and Spenco
Spenco and Macboote, all hail!

(The conjurors bow and go off.)

Spen. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these the *lightest*, whither are they gone?

Mac. Into th' court---my business calls 'em there.

Spen. What business, good my lord?

Mac.

Mac. I'm more than m—n—r,
In act not less than---, yet fear this W--kes;
His horrid image does unfit my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my star,
Against the use of nature.

Spen. Worthy Macboote.

Mac. Give me your favour, my *dull* brain was
wrought
With doubts and fears--- There's not a printer
But in his house I keep a devil feed;
I will this moment unto Hecate speed:
More shall she speak, more shall she do, for now
I'm bent to act the worst, for my own good,
By the worst means; all nobles shall give place;
Strange things I have in head, which must to hand,
Which ere they're acted, if they should be scann'd,
I must retire, and quit this troubled land. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE changes to an apartment in Macboote's
house.

Enter lady Macboote and a servant.

Lady. Say to my lord I would attend his leisure
For a few words.——

Serv. Madam, I will.——

(*Exit*.)

Lady. Nought's left——all spent,
And our desire is got without content;
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction live in doubtful joy.

Enter Macboote musing.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Thinking on that which cannot be recall'd.

They

They have been fools—but things without rem'dy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Mac. We have but scotch'd the snake, not kill'd
it,

She'll close and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

Let taxes multiply—a general Excise!

Let liberty e'en lose her odious name

Ere we will eat our meat in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of those terrible thoughts

That keep me waking—But, have I not resign'd

My staff of office? who then dare accuse

Me more? Monitors, North Britons, nothing

Can touch me farther!

Lady. Come on.

Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your pallid looks.

Mac. Oh! full of scorpions is my mind, dear
wife!

Thou know'st that T—ple and his faction live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy is not eternate.

Mac. 'Tis true, tho' great, they are assailable,

Then let's be jocund—ere the sun hath made

His second course—ere to sweet Hecate's summons

Thy faithful Sawney moves with vig'rous limb,

Gremonie, and my faithful Haxylaff

Shall do a deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Mac. Be innocent of th' knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed—Come, guilt-fraught

Hecate,

Lend thy assistance to my great design!

Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond

Which

Which keeps me pale ! that fatal *Magna Charta*,
 This once atchiev'd, my country rears her head,
 Famine no more shall hover o'er our land,
 But fix his empire in Brit-n-ia's heart,
 While Ca-do-ia grasps her plunder'd wealth.
 Thou wonder'st at my word, but get thee in,
 Things bad begun, make strong themselves by sin.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE changes to a garden.

Three Conjurors and Hecate meeting.

1st C. Why, how now, Hecate, you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, *Numsculls* as you are :

Bold and precipitate ! how did you dare

T'dvise and traffic with Macboote

In matters of such high dispute ?

And I the mistress of his charms,

The dark contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of my art ?

The best on't is, what you have done

Has been for my true Scottish son ;

Beauteous and bashful, who as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends ! now take your heels,

And at the house in ——— *Fields*

Meet me i'th' morning—thither he

Will come to know his destiny ;

Two pair of messengers provide,

Your constables and all beside.

I'm for my bed, this night I'll spend
 Unto a most delicious end.
 Jobs must be jobb'd ere Friday noon,
 Therefore be sure to meet me soon ;
 Mean while I must with choicest care,
 Some fine-drawn schemes, and spells prepare,
 That by their strength may set to rights
 The blund'ring of the *thick-scall'd* wights.
 And try if bribes, or power's illusion,
 Can draw on W—kes to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 Confinement without sign of fear ;
 And we all know security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy. (*Bagpipes and howling.*
 Hark, I am call'd ; my bonny Scotsman see,
 Sits in a hackney-coach, and waits for me.

(*Macboote without calls. All this accompanied
 by the bagpipes.*)

Hecate ! Hecate ! come away !

Hec. Hark ! hark ! I'm call'd,
 My gallant, bonny Scotsman see, see, see,
 Sits in a hackney-coach and waits for me.

Mac. Hecate ! Hecate !

Hec. Thy chearful voice I hear,
 So blythsome to my ear,
 At which I come away
 With all the speed I may.

Mac. Where's H—ll—d ?

Hec. Gone.

Mac. Where's Haxy ?

Hec. Here.

Gremonte too, and Boreas too ;
 We want but you, we want but you.

Mac.

Mac. Come away, come away,—make up

Hec. With sterling gold, [th' accounts.
For places sold,
I will but stuff.

Mac. Oh! bring enough! bring enough!

Hec. Now I am furnish'd,
Now I am furnish'd for my flight.

*(Loud symphony of bagpipes whilst Hecate gets
into the coach).*

Now we go, and we fly,
Macboote my sweet Scotsman, and I.
Oh, what a dainty pleasure's this
To ride in a coach,
While the riot's abroach;
To laugh, to sing
To toy and kiss,
Over vet'ran, over novice,
Over ev'ry public office,
Over friend, and over stranger,
We preside—despising danger.
(Drive off with a full chorus.

ACT II.

SCENE *the inside of a large house, in the fields, a
dark room, a cauldron burning in the middle.*

Hollow Murmurs.

Enter Three Conjurors very angry.

1st C. Thrice, and thrice the lion roar'd,

2^d C. Twice and once the bagpipe droned,

3^d C. Hecate cries, 'tis time, 'tis time,

1st C.

1st C. Round about the cauldron go,
In the tortur'd morsels throw.

*(They march round the cauldron, and throw in the
several ingredients as a preparation of the charm.)*

All. Round about the cauldron go,
In the tortur'd morsels throw.

2d C. Shape the wax, stick the pin,
Despair attend what we put in.

1st C. Priest, that wrap'd in slander's robe,
Inflicts beyond the plagues of Job,
Sweltning venom guzzling got ;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2d C. Number

3d C. Which ?

2d C. The first we hit on,
Of the ranc'rous damn'd *North Briton*,
Stuff'd with loss of Newfoundland,
Licence giv'n to Gallic band
To fish upon that fatal bed
That well nigh wash'd off Oxf—d's head ;
Vectives on the new-rais'd loan
Giv'n to friends—because our own :
Tax disclos'd to vulgar eyes
Elucidation of Excise,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3d C. Spleen of P——d, foul of P—t,
T—ple's virtue, fire and wit

Of th' patriot prisoner,
 Whose curs'd genius made us err.
 B--t--n's courage---G--t--n's pride,
 That swells 'cause noble Scots preside;
 D--n--e's new arrested wand
 From a truly patriot hand;
 Add, a valiant Un--le's chawdron
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1st C. Cool it with N--c--le's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
 Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Enter Hecate.

Oh! well done! I commend your toil,
 And ev'ry one shall share i'th' spoil;
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like prudent courtiers in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

*(The following incantation is to be sung, accompanied
 by bagpipes, and the chorus by all the conjurors
 principal and inferior)*

1st C. Rich courtiers and poor,
 Old courtiers and new,
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,

Hec. Ah! I see but few!—

Chorus. Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 Ah! we see but few!—

Hec. Ah, give us pow'r
 To send to th' T—r

Ev'ry

Ev'ry writer,
 Or inditer,
 And keep him there,
 Till he despair,
 Or else submit
 As we think fit,

Chorus. Round, around, around, around, about
 All ill come running in, all good keep out.

1st C. Here's W—m's fat.

Hec. Oh! put in that,
 Oh! put in that.

2d C. Here Gr—th—m's brain,

Hec. Put in a grain.

3d C. Here's S—d's gall,
 And T—n—nd's humour,

Adding weight to factious rumour;

To add to these and make the charm most fit,
 Lo! here's the *pickled* tongue of patriot P--t.

Chorus. Round, around, around, around, about
 All ill come running in, all good keep out.

Hec. By the itching of my bum,
 A Scotsman sure should this way come;
 Open locks,
 Whoever knocks.

Enter Macboote.

Mac. How now, you stupid, sad, and servile loons,
 What is't you do?

All. A deed that *wants* a name.

Mac. I conjure ye by that which ye profess,
 I care not whence you know it; answer me,
 Tho' ye unmask the state, and let it fight
 Against the nation,---though the greedy cits

Monopolize

Monopolize all traffic to themselves,
 Tho' orchards be destroy'd, and trees cut down,
 Tho' palaces, and their inhabitants,
 Do stoop ev'n to the ground, and the welfare
 Of Br—n's children crumble all together,
 Ev'n till the island sicken.—Answer me,
 To what I ask you!

1st C. Speak.

2d C. Demand.

3d C. We'll answer.

1st C. Say if th' hadst rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our master?

Mac. Call him; let me see him.

1st C. Pour in milk that she-als carries,
 Simple, soft, as giv'n in Paris
 To Englishmen.

All. Come high or low;
 Thyself and office desily shew.

(Sign of the B—d Head rises.)

Mac. Tell me, thou empty scull.

1st C. He smells thy thought,
 Hear his speech, and say thou nought.

Head. Macboote, Macboote, Macboote, of W—kes
 beware,

Avoiding him, nought else is worth thy care.

Mac. Oh head—most noble head! I give thee
 thanks,
 Thou'st prob'd my fears to th' quick; one word
 more.

2d C. He's an em—r and cannot stay,
 But here's his se—ry not wiser

E

Than

Than his master.

(Shade of a powder'd Se—ry rises)

Sec. Macboote ! Macboote ! Macboote !

Mac. Had I three ears I'd hear thee.—

Sec. Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh to scorn

The pen of W-kes---nought but a gibbet shun,
That fatal end, from which myself did run,
When Wood's do move, be sure thy fate's begun.

Mac. Then write on W-kes, what need I fear of thee,

Since noble by descent, I ne'er shall die
Upon a common gibbet, so—to Paris—hye !

Sec. Good b'ye. *(Sinks in a great hurry.)*

(Apparition of a bastard child arises, with a bonnet on his head, and a bannock in his hand.)

Mac. What is this
That rises like the issue of a Scot,
And carries in his baby hand a cake
Of barley meal ?

All. Listen, but speak not.

Sc. Ch. Be proud and insolent and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or who conspirers are;
Macboote a happy m-n-r shall be
Till freedom springs from loss of liberty,
And till profuseness be *æconomy*——

Mac. That ne'er shall be.
Who can unite absurdity in terms?
Can freedom spring from loss of liberty ?
Or can my fav'rite term *æconomy*
Be call'd profusion ?---Oh ! *sweet bairn*, I thank thee,
And

And yet my heart longs to know more,---pray tell me
If you can tell---shall Jacob's issue never
Mount a throne again?

All. Seek to know no more!

Mac. I will be satisfied---deny me this
And I will *out ye all*---ungrateful slaves.

Why do you hang your heads? What noise is this?

(More hideous groans than before)

1st C. Shew!

2d C. Shew!

3d C. Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart!
Like shadows come and so depart.

*(Eight m-mb-rs appear and pass through the
apartment---W-kes the last, with a paper in
his hand inscribed M-g-a Ch-r-a.)*

Mac. Thou art like the spirit of impeachment.
Thy scream doth crack my ear-strings, and thy
yell,
Thou other legislative fiend like his---
Another is like the former---*blundering boobies.*
Why do you shew me this? a fourth?---more
yelling.

What! will their clamours break the drum o'th'
ears?

Another yet? a seventh!--I'll see no more---
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a parchment
That bodes me many fears---nay, now 'tis true,
For W-kes in *M-g-a Ch-r-a* arm'd, grins at me,
And points at them for his---What! is this?

1st C. Ay, Sir, it must be so---but why
Stands Macboote amazedly?

Come brothers, let us chear our hearts,
 T'enable us to bear our parts
 I'th' plot—we, nor can make, nor marr it,
 So---Madam, pray let's have some claret,
 That this great lord may have to say,
His mistress did his welcome pay.

(Exit Hecate to order a bottle of wine.)

Philip, a very inferior conjuror enters in a great hurry.

Mac. Thou com'st to use thy tongue, thy story
 quickly!

Philip. My gracious Lord, I would report that
 which

I say I know, but know not how to do't.

Mac. Well, try Sir!

Philip. As I fate within my desk
 And look'd toward G—e Street, anon methought
 A *Wood* began to move.

2d C. Liar! and slave!

Philip. Let me be turn'd adrift if't be not so.
 Look out at window, you may see him going,
 I say a moving *Wood*!

3d C. Moving indeed!

(Stepping to the window and looking out.)

Enter a Doctor.

Mac. How do'st thou, good Bardanus?

Bard. All is confirm'd, my lord, that was re-
 ported.

Mac. Send out more courtiers, scour the place,
 Hang those that speak of W---kes, give me some
 whisky,

How do your patients, doctor?

Doctor

Doctor. My sweet lord,
They're dying fast, in spite of all my balsam.

Mac. Throw balsam to the dogs—I'll none on't.
Hecate, my sweet!—*Doctor*, the mob insults me—
Hecate, I say,—if thou could'st, doctor, purge
The humours of this W-kes—abate his pride,
And humble him to take a pension from me,
I would applaud thee to the very *statue*
That should applaud again.—

Doctor. I cannot, good my lord.

Mac. Take thy face hence !

(Exit Doctor with a low bow.)

I have reign'd long enough—my way of life
Is fall'n into reproach and infamy,—
And that which should attend on resignation,
As praise, and gratitude, and troops of friends,
I must not look to have—but in their stead
Curse both loud and deep—Oh Hecate, come
Thy faithful Sawney save, whose life—whose soul
Are truly thine !

Enter Hecate.

Hec. Come then, my gallant swain,
Since fate no longer will propitious prove
To all I venerate and all I love,
With gentle action, mount the beezom strait,
And I'll convey you safe to H—g—e.

(Macboote mounts the beezom.)

Both. Farewel, thou town ungrateful and un-
civil ;
Farewel, thou London, dwelling of the devil.

(Both fly off.)

ON THE DISMISSION

OF EARL TEMPLE FROM THE LIEUTENANCY OF THE
COUNTY OF BUCKS.

TO honour virtue in the lord of Stowe,
The pow'r of courtiers can no further go ;
Forbid him Court, from Council blot his name,
E'en these distinctions cannot raise his fame.
Friend to the liberties of England's state,
'Tis not to courts he looks to make him great ;
He to his much-lov'd country trusts his cause,
And dares assert the honour of her laws.

ON THE 30th OF NOVEMBER

BEING ST. ANDREW'S DAY, AND THE BIRTH-DAY OF
THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

HAIL black November, in whose foggy rear,
Rich Autumn lingers e'er he leaves the year,
The late ripe cath'rine peach adorns thy train,
And luscious medlars rot beneath thy reign.
And now while Andrew and Augusta smile,
Charming new suns to chear our gloomy isle,
In the same flow'ry bed fair union shows,
Beauteously twin'd, a thistle and a rose.

E P I G R A M.

SAY, when will England be from faction freed?
 When will domestic quarrels cease?
 Ne'er till that wish'd-for epitaph we read,
"Here lies the man that made the peace." E. G.

A SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT
VERSIFIED.

TO THE GENTLEMEN, CLERGY, AND FREEHOLDERS
 OF THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER.*

A Courtier profess'd, much esteem'd by the great,
 As a weather-cock fixt to a point, or as *fate*,
 I send my best compliments round the whole shire:
 A steady old boy, and a young voluntier:

* To the gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders of the county of Gloucester.

GENTLEMEN,
 THOUGH I am fixt as *fate*, to abide by the determination of the general meeting of the 13th instant, permit me to declare my wishes that lord COLERAINE may be the object of your choice, as I know him to be a man of honour and principle, and most obnoxious to the late convention of the 28th of March.

I have the honour to be,
 Grosvenor-street, Gentlemen,
 April 4, 1763. Your obliged and devoted servant,
 N. BERKELEY.

Tho' as fate I am fixt, and resoly'd to abide,
 In turns, as it happens, by this or that side;
 Permit me, good people, to now recommend
 This very good lord, and my very good friend;
 Pray let him have yours, as I give him my voice,
 And make this choice object your object of choice.
 I know him—that's all—he will stick to his plan,
 Like a harmless, *obnoxious*, pretty sort of a man.
 My merits you know, and you'll thank me, I'm clear,
 For thinking so much of your cyder this year:
 In behalf of which tax I'd be proud to divide,
 Tho' the whole house oppos'd, with my * friend on
 my side.

Obnoxious I am, and *obnoxious* is HE,
 And *obnoxious* this lord—so *obnoxious* all three.
 I rely on your favours—so grant me this suit,
 And depend on my service to tell my lord Bute.

ON A CERTAIN LAWYER'S

TAKING A PATENT OF PRECEDENCE IN 1764.

SEE! from his colours, turncoat Y—— retreat!
 And humbly cast himself at G——lle's feet;
 Warm from his heart, in copious music now,
 Prerogative's melodious accents flow;
 While tame servility with longing eyes,
 Courts, and would hope, a H—y's f—l the prize.

* Sir J--- D-----d.

Why

Why lives not Churchill's spirit to rehearse,
 Such prostitution in immortal verse;
 And, on the strong foundation of such shame,
 Erect a monument to Norton's fame?
 Tho' dead the muse, yet hist'ry still remains,
 And truth, to blush at such unmanly stains.

A N O D E, 1764.

WHence can arise these dread alarms?

Why are the rabble up in arms?

And why this mighty faction?

No Mary Squires, no Cock-lane Ghost,

No witch to drown, no priest to roast,

No *Batteaux-plats* upon our coast,

To keep their minds in action.

Nor Lord to hang, nor Chief to shoot,

No bonfires now for Olive or Coote,

No Indian spoils to share,

That — distress'd our trade,

How much his service was o'er paid,

And what a shameful peace we made,

Is all an old affair.

Implore of heav'n some phantom new,

'Till war shall be again in view,

To keep the people quiet;

Else shall we be at wond'rous pains,

Since there's no foe abroad remains,

To knock out one another's brains,

In party-feuds and riot.

Who

Who then to seek in such a case
 But those true patriots out of place,
 Those *only* men of merit;
 Not who from principle resign'd,
 But those not let to stay behind,
 They always can an object find
 That's worthy such a spirit.

Yes, when their hopeful schemes are cross'd,
 Their incense gone, their sal'ries lost,
 They've quite sufficient reason;
 (So 't'as been judg'd, at least of late,)
 To set at variance K— and State,
 That perturbation to create,
 But little short of t——.

How oft in this unsteady realm,
 Shall headstrong ——— seize the helm
 Through popular delusion!
 Confess no Sov'——n but the mob,
 And being each assign'd his job,
 Their c——nt——y thus combine to rob,
 And spoil its constitution.

C——, thy cause was sure the worst,
 Yet own'd in *ev'ry* cause the first
 For virtues as for birth;
 Tears at thy death from *all* sides flow,
 But hadst thou died some years ago,
 The *public* had not honour'd so
 Thy *then* unsullied worth.

Is there no praise, no glory due,
To GR—N— now, nor e'en to you

When out of *opposition* ;

There S—— ——— is endear'd to fame,

There C—— ——— too a fav'rite name,

Nor one nor t'other was to blame

In fight or expedition.

These all are blest'd with wealth and parts,

With knowing heads and honest hearts

They love the Common-weal ;

G——'s a p—— of vast renown,

T—— owes nothing to the Crown,

But cringing to a giddy town

Displays a noble zeal.

S—— has judgment, L—— sense,

B—— harangues in mood and tense,

H—— shews both wit and reading,

T—— stability and truth,

P—— integrity and youth,

Nor W—— nor B—— are uncouth

In visage or in breeding.

Rare heroes these to brave their ——,

So good, so wise, to every thing

Great oracles of freedom ;

Fit leaders of a clam'rous throng,

'Gainst all in office, *right* or *wrong*,

In hopes, no doubt, before 'tis long,

That they shall supersede 'em.

Let's sift both parties *man by man*,
 For e'er since government began,
 E'en to this very hour,
 The nation's faith hath been abus'd,
 We've been too easily amus'd,
 With *cant* of *patriotism* us'd,
 To cover *lust* of *pow'r*.

Many there are both *out* and *in*
 Dispos'd to go through thick and thin,
 And so I end my story,
 Inscrib'd to H—— and to H——,
 Statesmen who often have been tried
 And always chuse the *strongest* side,
 Be't either *Whig* or *Tory*.

A N I N S C R I P T I O N

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE WINDSOR.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

THOU who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
 While Thames among his willows from thy
 view
 Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
 Around contemplate well. This is the place
 Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
 And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
 (Then render'd tame) did challenge and secure
 The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on

Till

Till thou have blest'd their memory, and paid
 Those thanks, which God appointed the reward
 Of public virtue: And if chance thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
 Go call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

SENT WITH A

PIECE OF PAINTED FLOWERED SILK,

TO LADY CHARLES SPENCER, WHO SAID SHE WAS
 LOW IN POCKET.

BY THE RIGHT HON. COUNTESS TEMPLE.

SINCE the times are so bad, and are still growing
 worse,

You may call this your own without sinking your
 purse.

The nymphs and the fawns say the pattern is new,
 And that Flora's gay pencil design'd it, is true:
 It was finish'd and destin'd for beauty's fair queen;
 So to whom it belongs is most easily seen.

Tho' flowrets soon wither yet these will not die,
 When fading, reviv'd by a beam from your eye;
 If you only breathe on 'em they'll fill the whole room
 With sweets far surpassing Arabia's perfume.

Refuse not this trifle, your title is clear,
 And Spencer will vouch it, tho' married a year.

TO THE EARL TEMPLE,

ON GARDENING.

BY THE SAME.

BY commerce, Albion, and by arms refin'd,
 Sought for the charms of art and nature join'd;
 Along the banks of her own Thames she stray'd,
 Where the gay sisters of the waters play'd,
 In many a soft meander wildly rov'd,
 And grac'd the meadows which their stream improv'd.
 She mark'd romantic Windsor's warlike pride,
 To learning's peaceful seat so near ally'd;
 Where Temple's bosom early sigh'd for praise,
 Struck with th' inspiring fame of ancient days;
 She came where silver *Thames* and *Isis* bright,
 Their friendly treasures in one stream unite;
 Where princes, prelates, fir'd with patriot views,
 By generous gifts invited every muse;
 Where every muse her grateful tribute brought,
 And virtue practis'd what sound learning taught;
 At length her longing eyes and hallow'd feet,
 Reach verdant Stowe's magnificent retreat,
 Where fame and truth had promis'd she should find
 Scenes to improve and please her curious mind,
 Each step, invention, elegance display'd,
 Such, as when Churchill wooes the Aonian maid,
 And joins in easy graceful negligence,
 Th' harmonious pow'rs of verse, with *sterling* sense;
 Such, as when Poussin's or Albano's hand
 On glowing canvas the rich landscape plann'd,

And

And classic genius strove, by mimic art,
 Thro' the admiring eye to reach the heart.
 Amidst the wonders of each striking scene,
 High on the summit of a sloping green
 A solemn temple, in proportion true,
 Magnificently simple, courts the view;
Concord and *victory* with pride proclaim
 This mansion sacred to Britannia's fame,
 Whose form majestic, from all hands, receives
 The various product ev'ry region gives,
 Pleas'd at her feet their choicest gifts to lay,
 And homage to her pow'r superior pay;
 The sculptur'd walls her glories past declare,
 In proud memorials † of successful war.
 No factious sacrifice to France and Spain
 Those consecrated trophies can profane;
 For public ‡ liberty her awful seat
 Here fixing, here protects her last retreat;
 Where to the great and good in every shade,
 The fragrant tribute of just praise is paid:
 Where the prime beauties form'd by nature's hand
 Throughout her works in every distant land,
 Transplanted, flourish in their native ease,
 And as by magic charm collected, please——
 Here the fair queen of this heroic isle,
 Imperial Albion, with a gracious smile
 Confess'd, the lovely nature saw at last
 Unite with art, and both improv'd by taste.

* The alto relievo in the pediment.

† The medallions of the victories.

‡ The statue of public liberty placed in the middle niche of the temple.

IN THE
ABOVE NOBLE LORD'S

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS AT STOWE, IS THE FOLLOWING
SINGULAR INSCRIPTION.

To the memory
of
SIGNIOR FIDO,
an *Italian* of good extraction;
who came into *England*,
not to bite us, like most of his countrymen,
but to gain an honest livelihood.
He hunted not after fame,
yet acquired it;
regardless of the praise of his friends;
but most sensible of their love.
Tho' he liv'd amongst the great,
he neither learn'd nor flatter'd any vice.
He was no bigot,
Tho' he doubted of none of the 39 articles.
And, if to follow nature,
and to respect the laws of society,
be philosophy,
he was a perfect philosopher;
a faithful friend,
an agreeable companion,
a loving husband,
distinguish'd by a numerous offspring;
all which he lived to see take good courses.

In his old age he retir'd
to the house of a clergyman in the country,
where he finish'd his earthly race,
And died an honour and an example to the whole species.

Reader,

This stone is guiltless of flattery,
for he to whom it is inscrib'd

was not a man,

but a

Grey-hound.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.

L--Y N-----D.

THE Crescent shines!—N—— is near!
Taste, grandeur, order, in her form appear!
Still affable, tho' of a warriour's race;
Peace in her breast, and plenty in her face.

L--Y H-----.

A beauty comes! a heroine in her air;
Behold her as a man, yet yielding as a fair:
On her soft breast the doves of Venus brood,
And fill her veins with Charles's am'rous blood.

L--Y P-----.

Affected wisdom has a woman made
To wear foul linen, and despise brocade!
How nobly did she with her statues part!
Tho' marble is the thing that's next her heart.

L--Y H--DW--E.

In riches, titles, honours, see her soar ;
 In all the attitudes of grandeur—poor ;
 Her spare desert is of forbidden fruit ;
 Her pastry—lasting as a Chanc'ry-suit.

D----- OF -----

A well-tim'd pr——cy has title gain'd :
 Who dares to say, the coronet is stain'd ?
 To ease love's wounds contributes all her pow'r ;
 A faithful clue to Rosamonda's bower.

L--Y C-V-NT-Y.

Behold the wonder of her sex and time !
 Dangerous, yet soft ; a mortal, tho' divine !
 Some little arts to raise her charms allow ;
 The force of nature cou'd no further go.

L--Y PL-M--TH.

A wife, as Pallas fair, without design ;
 Rules without noise, and makes her sway divine :
 No arts, no levity in her are seen,
 Tho' more inviting than the Cyprian queen.

L--Y W-LD-GR-VE.

Brighter than Phoebus in his fierce career,
 Fair W-ld-gr-ve glows in her exalted sphere ;
 She spreads her influence as she spreads her light,
 Blesses all nature, and is nature's night.

A S K E T C H.

WRITTEN ON THE CHANGE OF THE MINISTRY IN 1765.

Difce omnes.

HOW vain are hopes ! how changeable is man !
 Shall Whigs complete what Jacobites began ?
 Whigs do I call them ? Heav'ns ? how false the
 claim !

Ne'er let the *Slaves* profane that sacred name.
 Who is their leader ? Who directs the band ?
 By whom are all their feeble measures plann'd ?
 E'en by that haughty, timid, treacherous thing,
 Who fears a shadow,—yet who rules a k—.

Close to his standard, trembling, first appears,
 An hoary dotard, bent by weight of years ;
 The arch preceptor in corruption's school,
 In worth a bankrupt, and in sense a fool ;
 A would-be Jove to grasp the golden show'r,
 With hands unnerved scrambling still for pow'r ;
 True to no party, steady to no plan,
 Three-score and twelve, and never yet a man.

Next comes the pale, unfledg'd, ill-tutor'd boy,
 Newmarket's glory, and the cock-pit's joy ;
 (None need I mention, for he shines at all,
 Except but one—the Cockpit at Whitehall)
 From honour's paths his wildness to restrain,
 A staunch, old Tory bears the stripling's train.

Let these contrasted specimens suffice,
 To place her guides before Britannia's eyes :

Then let her judge: and if the picture's just,
 Shall she trust them, who can't each other trust?
 Various as winds, in this they all agree,—
 To Aaron's golden calf to bend the knee.
 Their boasts of freedom let one line refute,—
 Dare they dismiss th' acknowledg'd friends of BUTE?

N. C. M. S. C.

TO THE LATE MINORITY.

WRITTEN ON READING THE HISTORY OF THEIR
 CONDUCT, ENTITLED "AN HISTORY OF
 THE LATE MINORITY, &c."

BY THE SAME.

Sunt certi denique fines.

AND does it gall you then, ye *venal* crew?
 Does *hiss'ry* wring your souls, because 'tis *true*?
 O worst of libels! Satire most severe;
 When truth convictive strikes the culprit's ear;
 When conscious *guilt* stands glaring in his eye,
 And his face owns it, tho' his words deny.
 Let *minions* rave, and *pension'd* creatures rail,
 Truth is all-pow'rful, and must still prevail.
 Look back, ye slaves, to that ill-omen'd day,
 When blushing *freedom* mark'd your treach'rous
 way,
 Fraught with *deceit*, and eager to *betray*:

Deserted

Deserted TEMPLE, foremost on the plain,
 Where wav'd her banners, call'd you back in vain;
 PITT's voice in thunder warn'd you from a throne,
 Where BUTE in splendid usurpation shone,
 King-like, array'd with honours not his own!
 While all around his servile, cringing clan
 Pursued the traces of the *fav'rite's* plan;
 And brainless heads, false hearts, and servile hands,
 Enforc'd obedience to his worst commands.
Freedom un plac'd, was robb'd of all her charms,
 And foul oppression won you to her arms.

Ye weak supporters of a desperate cause,
 Deserve for once your country's just applause;
 Your bungling talents now can only suit
 The dark, insidious stratagems of BUTE;
 Resign, retire, forego the dangerous field,
 Saul's armour leave to those who best can wield;
 The pond'rous shield which TEMPLE's arm could
 bear,

Shall feeble Rockingham presume to wear?
 The tow'ring helmet sure can never fit
 Richmond or Conway, which was made for PITT.
 Genius of England! freedom's guardian! rise:
 To save thy sons some glorious means devise;
 To head thy pow'rs be some Great Chief explor'd,
 Nor let each *puny Whipster* seize thy sword.

THE MUSE AT A HORSE-RACE:

A BALLAD, ADDRESSED TO C---T AND COUNTRY
JOCKIES.

WHEN my Clio is gay,
It is always my way,
In my pleasures to give her a place :
So I ordered my chaise,
(For the muses love ease)
And I drove her away to a race.

All the lads far and near,
With their lasses were there,
Not a toast in the country was missing :
“ Young Phillis and Dolly,
“ And cherry cheek'd Molly,
“ And Peggy, so noted for kissing.”

When the clock had struck five,
The whole field grew alive,
And the drum gave a spring to each heart ;
But, alas ! not a horse
That had blood for the course,
Was enter'd, or ready to start.

What was then to be done,
For a race must be run,
That no blank may be left in the day ?
“ If merit won't venture,
“ And hackneys will enter,
“ Why hackneys must pocket the pay.”

To the post they repair'd,
 Each fearing and fear'd,
 Hoping all from each other's demerit;
 When they started, their fame
 Was exactly the same,
 And 'twas hard to say which had most spirit.

To see poor jades so lash'd,
 So kick'd, spurr'd, and thrash'd,
 Was too sharp for soft nature, like mine;
 Yet to give them their due,
 While a plate was in view,
 Their hearts were too great to repine.

They jostled and cross'd,
 Ran on both sides the post,
 Ev'ry stroke was the cause of some blunder;
 Yet, the *knowing ones* said,
 (And they live by the trade)
 "That to see such *quick turns* was a wonder."

Not to spin out my ditty,
 The muse waxed witty,
 And rallied me thus with a sneer;
 If races like these,
 Can amuse and can please,
 O, why left we town to come here!

At the end of Pall-mall,
 There's a spot you know well,
 Where the muses on birth-days resort;
 For except on that day,
 When they sing for their pay,
 With G——le each muse fled the C——t.

Now hacks of all prices,
 All ages, and sizes,
 Are train'd for the race in July;
 When B--e, e'er he'll venture
 To let any enter,
In private their bottoms must try.

If he hits on a *breed*
 He can *manage full speed*,
 And *turn* at the top of their rate ;
 Tho' ponies or pacers,
 He puffs them for racers,
 And starts 'em to win the king's plate.

Since customs so base
 Sunk the name of this race,
 Good horses all pass to the leeward ;
 And trust me, my friend,
 Our C---t races won't mend
 As long as l— B—— is a Steward.

A P A R O D Y

UPON THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF CHEVY CHASE.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ?
 What woeful discord once there did
 In Britain's isle befall !

To drive three kingdoms, hound and horn,
 Earl St——t took his way,
 The child may rue that was not born,
 A Scotsman on that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make,
 A daughter of this Scottish peer's,
 His son to wife should take ;

The choicest honours of the land
 To win and bear away ;
 The tidings to earl Temple came,
 At Cotes's where he lay ;

Who sent lord Percy present word
 He would prevent his sport,
 The stately earl not fearing this,
 Did daily go to court,

With five and forty Bowman's * bold,
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well in time of need,
 To cringe and bow aright.

These gallant heroes soon began
 To gain the —— ear,
 At Christmas they great places got,
 As plainly doth appear ;

* See Bowman in the farce of Lethe.

And, e'er the spring was o'er, they did
 A thousand boons obtain,
 Which once possess'd they shrewdly went
 To crave for more again.

The Bowman's muster'd at Whitehall *,
 Their votes were all secure ;
 And sixteen of the u--r h---e
 Each day were guarded sure.

Wild highlanders forsook their holds,
 Proud offices to take ;
 And commissaries from the dales,
 Did princely fortunes make.

To Sion-house earl P-rcy went,
 ('Twas in the gazetteer ;)
 Quoth he, lord B--- hath promised
 This day to meet me here :

If that I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay ;
 With that his lordship's gentleman,
 Did on the stair-case say,

“ Lo ! yonder doth lord B--- appear,
 “ I see his star so bright,
 “ Full twenty yeomen, clad in plaids,
 Are marching in our fight.

* The cockpit,

“ All men of pleasant Tiviotdale,
 “ Fast by the river Tweed;
 Then call my son, (the C——s said)
 And sign the deeds with speed.

For now to the degree of duke
 My husband I'll advance;
 And while he pranks it here at home,
 Why I'll parade in France.

The bridegroom spoke the lady fair,
 Then mounted on his horse,
 And so without his beaver rode,
 Like Charles of Charing-cross.

He wished for tilts and tournaments,
 That he might break a spear:
 The C——s, with a herald's voice,
 Proclaim'd it far and near.

Young Percy on his long-tail'd steed,
 Most like a warrior bold,
 Pranc'd foremost of the company,
 His housing fring'd with gold.

Now all the chiefs in pow'r agreed,
 That they might nothing fear,
 To send such terms to W—ll—m P—t:
 As he might deign to hear.

The first that did the tender make,
 Was noble S——t, he,
 Who said, If thou wilt list with us,
 Thou pr—y f—l shalt be:

So we'll cajole the clam'rous throng ;
 Whilst I am still in play ;
 And half the charges of the state
 Thyself shalt give away.

Nay hear me, B—, the patriot cry'd,
 For e'er I hold with thee,
 I know thee well, an earl thou art,
 I too an earl must be.

Thy measures I will then adopt,
 And all employments fill,
 With Sh—lb—e, B——, and such folk,
 Tho' they had done me ill.

Let thou and I the burden try,
 And set rest the aside ;
 Mackenzie to his post restor'd,
 Nor C—md—n's suit deny'd.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
 Will B—ckf—d was his name ;
 Who said, I would not have it told
 On London 'Change, for shame ;

That e'er such treaty was on foot,
 While I stood looking on ;
 You are two earls, said Will B—ckf—d,
 And I a 'squire alone.

I'll do the best that do I may,
 This session—if you stand,
 And, for reward, I then shall claim
 A peerage of the land.—

Our new allies did such dismiss
 Were found not staunch and true,
 The Yorkshire and the Suffex whigs
 At once they overthrew.

To drive the city hound and horn,
 Lord Ch——m had the bent,
 To move addresses at Guildhall,
 In vain Hal. C—nw— sent.

To quell a mob themselves had rais'd,
 Were new expedients found,
 Whilst many of our fairest laws
 Lay trampled on the ground.

O Lord ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear,
 The dire reproaches Ch——m bore
 From t'other patriot p—r.

At last these two great ea--ls did meet,
 Like ministers of might,
 But for the nation's interest,
 Of that they made but slight.

They talk'd until they both did sweat,
 With an outrageous zeal;
 And hugely struggled which of them
 Should rule the commonweal.

Yield thou, earl Temple, C—— cry'd,
 In faith I will thee bring,
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By G—— our British ——.

The public good I'll freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art by far the fittest man
 To head the tr--f--y.

To th' earl of Ch----- Tem---e said,
 Thy profers I do scorn ;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.

With that there came a statesman keen,
 Who long had lurk'd below ;
 And to earl Tem---e's firm resolve
 Did give the final blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,
 " No terms I'll have at all,
 " But with my gentle brother George
 " Will henceforth rise or fall."

Then stalking off, e--l C----- took
 The tall man by the hand,
 And said, e--l Tem---e, for thy ease,
 I'd give half Py---f---'s land.

O Lord ! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure there's scarce a lord alive
 But would such bargain take.

A knight among the Scots there is,
 Whom no one dare deny ;
 For him my c----- H-gl-y's wrath
 I must and sha--defy.

Sir H---y R-ch-rt is he call'd,
 Of head and heart most bright;
 Nor do I know so quick a man
 For parlance or for fight.

He led our expeditions all,
 Without or dread or fear,
 And is in war as politics,
 A hardy pioneer.

And there's a duke of force and might
 Is full a match for Go--r;
 Nor did he treat like Ro--k-----m,
 Who turn'd me from his door.

So thus did both these patriots jar,
 Whose virtue none could stain;
 E--l Ch----- said, I still perceive
 We may be friends again.

He had a crutch beneath his arm,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 A paper in his gouty hand,
 A cloth-yard long had he.

To this new list of pen-----rs,
 Some friends of Stowe he set;
 E--l T-----e took and rubb'd them out,
 E'en while the ink was wet.

Their squabbles held till close of day,
 From the meridian sun;
 And when they rung the dinner bell,
 The meat was overdone.

With

With the e—l Tem—e there remain'd
 The lord of L-ttl-t—n ;
 And with his Grace of Bloomsbury,
 R—gby that bold baron.

With stout Sir Fl-tch-r fell Sir C—les,
 A scribe of good account ;
 And D-dsw-ll the exchequer man,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

Now poor Sir John I needs must wail
 Like one in doleful dumps ;
 For, getting on the tr--f--y bench,
 He never stirr'd his stumps.

And with old Winc—— did fall
 The sturdy doctor H--y ;
 Nor New—— would quit the field
 While he had strength to stay.

Nor S---d---h, nor yet Hal——x,
 Could either faved be ;
 Lord Car--f--t was carried off,
 Against his will went he.

And the lord Eg---t in like wise
 Forsook the admiralty ;
 And twenty more, or knights or p---rs,
 Were shortly forc'd to fly.

Of fifty true-born Englishmen,
 Staid in but two or three ;
 The rest live at their country-seats,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next month will many m-mb-s come,
 Their rashness to bewail;
 And say if they are not restor'd,
 Why they must go to jail.

Their wives do play so much at cards,
 And throw such sums away;
 Would serve to keep a score of w—s,
 If they were clad in clay.

The news was unto Paris brought,
 And eke the court of Spain;
 Earl Tem— in the ministry
 Would scarce have weight again.

Oh heavy news! John Wilkes did say,
 Churchill * can witness be,
 I have not any patron more
 Of such account as he.

Like tidings to St. J—s's came,
 Within a shorter space,
 That Richard Gr—v—e, lord of Stowe,
 Refus'd to take a pl--ce.

Then God be with him, said the court,
 Sith 'twill no better be;
 We trust there is about the helm,
 Five hundred good as he.

* See Churchill's satires.

Yet shall not G——r nor W--tw--h say
 But we will vengeance take:
 And just revenge shall on them fall,
 For dearest St——'s sake.

This vow was then full well perform'd
 When —— came to town;
 With P--s and P—— C——rs,
 Men but of fl——t renown.

And of the rest of true account,
 Why they were all p--t by;
 To make a D—— of Sir H—— S——,
 Who m—e him--f P——y.

God save the king, and bless the land,
 In plenty, joy, and peace;
 And grant henceforth that all regard
 To b——th and m-rit cease.

W. Y. W.

A NEW POLITICAL CREED,

FOR THE YEAR MDCCLXVI.

Quicunque vult.

WHoever will be saved: before all things it
 is necessary that he should hold the
 Chatham faith.

Which faith, except every man keep whole and
 undefiled, without doubt he shall sink into ob-
 livion.

And

And the Chatham faith is this: that we worship one minister in trinity, and the trinity in unity:

Neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance.

For the privy seal is a minister, the secretary is a minister, and the treasury is a minister.

Yet there are not three ministers, but one minister; for the privy seal, the secretary and the treasurer are all one.

Such as the privy seal is, such is the secretary, and such is the treasurer.

The privy seal is self-create, the secretary is self-create, and the treasurer is self-create.

The privy seal is incomprehensible, the secretary is incomprehensible, and the treasurer is incomprehensible.

The privy seal is unresponsible, the secretary is unresponsible, and the treasurer is unresponsible.

And yet there are not three incomprehensibles, three self-created, or three unresponsibles: but one incomprehensible, one self-create, and one unresponsible.

For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity, to acknowledge every person by himself to be God and Lord;

So are we forbidden by the articles of the Chatham alliance, to say there are three ministers:

So that in all things, the unity in trinity, and trinity in unity, are to be worshipped; and he who would be saved, must thus think of the ministry.

Furthermore it is necessary to elevation, that he also believe rightly of the qualities of our minister.

For the right faith is, that we believe and confess, that this son of man, is something more than man; as total perfection, though of an unreasonable soul, and gouty flesh consisting.

Who suffered for our salvation, descended into opposition, rose again the third time, and ascended into the house of peers.

He sitteth on the right hand of the ———, from whence he shall come to judge the good and the bad.

And they that have done good, shall go into patent places, and they that have done bad, shall go into everlasting opposition.

This is the Chatham faith; which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be promoted.

As he was in the beginning, he is now, and ever will be.

Then all the people, standing up, shall say,

O blessed and glorious trinity, three persons and one minister, have mercy on us miserable subjects.

AN INSCRIPTION

FOR THE STATUES SENT TO AMERICA.

In Memory of

W. P.

Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and
 INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY OF LIFE,
 persisted,

in Spite of many bodily INFIRMITIES,
 in the *Practice* of every HUMAN ARTIFICE,
 to raise HIMSELF and FAMILY,
 from an *obscure Obscurity*,

to LARGE POSSESSIONS, and
 a most respectable TITLE and PLACE
 in the State.

Very singular was he in the Choice of
 ABLE and HONEST CONFEDERATES,
 to aid him in his ambitious Designs;
 and when *they* had *served* his Turn,
 UNGRATEFULLY DESERTED THEM

and *arrogantly* claimed their *Merit* to himself;
 with *an* almost *uninterrupted* Enjoyment
 for a long Series of Time,
 of several LUCRATIVE PLACES in the State;
 and by the Caprice of some,

and
 the INSANITY of others,
 (who were *bigotted* to his *pretended* Patriotism)
 he at length ACQUIRED, or ATTRACTED,
 a very large real and personal Estate,

He was the *only Person* of his Time,
 who with specious Pretences and Harangues,
could persuade the People
 their SERVICE only was the intended FRUIT of his
 Labours,

when they had before their Eyes
 numberless Instances of his Actions, which indicated
 the contrary :

In fine,

After a Life of near Sixty Years,
 Spent in PRETENDED PATRIOTIC Actions,
 the CLOVEN FOOT appeared
 from under the Robe of an Earl of G. B.

And with the Weight

Of a PENSION, PLACE, and CORONET,
 he sunk into general Disgrace and contempt,
 on the 30th of July, 1766.

Oh indignant Reader !

think not his Life useless to Mankind,

PROVIDENCE connived

At his Hypocrisy so long, to give to AFTER AGES
 A PROOF and EXAMPLE

how the PRESENT AGE hath been
 DELUDED, CAJOLED, and DECEIVED,
under a Pretence

of having their LIBERTIES and PROPERTIES only
 defended and protected,

AN APOLOGY FOR MR. P—.

THE Tories 'od rat 'em
 Abuse my lord Ch——m,
 For what —— for commencing a peer?
 But is it not hard
 He should lose his reward,
 Who has purchas'd a title so dear?

In every station
 Mr. P— serv'd the nation,
 With a noble disdain of her pelf:
 Then where's the great crime,
 When he sees a fit time,
 If a man, should for once, *serve himself*.

THE EARL.

AN ODE.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

Icci beatis nunc Arabum invides Gazes, &c.

L. 1. Od. 29j

MY Lord! *great commoner* no more;
 You number your new titles o'er,
 Earl, Viscount, P-nf-nt, Ch-th-m:
 Before you your supporters set,
 Your ermine robes, and coronet,
 And gaze in raptures at 'em.

What servile bard shall greet your ear
 With the enchanting sound of *peer*?
 Delightful name to mention!
 What chaplain shall inform mankind,
 With how much virtue you have join'd
 A *title* to a *pension*?

Who can unroll the book of fate,
 And tell what ministers of state
 May govern this great nation?
 Where is the prophet can disclose,
 What strange materials may compose
 Some new administration?

Jacob Henriques, born to guide,
 At privy council may preside,
 And rule the common weal:
 Hill, secretary we may see,
 Derrick lord chamberlain may be,
 And Buckhorse privy seal:

Since you, once emulous of fame,
 Have meanly barter'd your good name
 For scorn, contempt, and raill'ry;
 Broke every promise you have made,
 And shamefully together laid
 The Pitt and upper gallery,

THE CORONET:

A SONG.

HOW happy a state does lord C——m possess,
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;
 On his *pension* and *place* he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

How blest has his time been! what days has he
 known!

How sweet with fair E——r the moments have flown!
 Since first in *dom. com.* his harangue he began,
 Which convinc'd *the whole house* he was more than
 a man.

He bullied Sir Robert — he censur'd the k—,
 He rail'd at the garter—and call'd it a string:
 He bellow'd and bawl'd, 'till his worship was hoarse
 “ He'd be damn'd ere he'd thus be a *cornet of horse*.

He thunder'd so long — and he thunder'd so well,
 They thought 'twas a fiend that had broke loose from
 hell;

He rais'd such a din, — and he made such a clatter,
 That Sir Robert, abash'd, quite forgot all his matter,

What's now to be done? or what's now to be
 said?

Quoth Sir Robert, I tremble, by God, for my head;
 But to silence his *clack*, and to hide my disgrace,
 I'll give *cornet P—* a vice treasurer's place.

No

No longer a cornet, no longer a slave,
 No longer the terror and scourge of a knave;
 He yields to C——n, at B——y winks,
 Now a *patriot* he rose, now a *placeman* he sinks.

In the van of dame fortune behold him advance,
 With a place for his target, his tongue for a lance;
 But depriv'd of his place, ambition was crost,
 And the cornet's gay hours in a moment were lost.

Now behold him a bellowing patriot again,
 Like Demosthenes, stemming the torrent in vain.
 See his eyes how they roll ! hark his diction how strong,
 Gods ! how mellow his voice ! his oration how long.

Thus oppos'd and opposing, the same tale he told,
 " As he ne'er had been bought, so he ne'er would be
 fold ; "

That his country (fine words) was far dearer than
 life !

Than the whole race of G——ll-s, than E——r his
 wife. "

How stubborn the trials which patriots endure !
 Yet to conquer their whims, you must gild well the
 lure ;

For we all know 'tis senseless, whate'er they may mut-
 ter,

To quarrel, like fools, with their bread and their but-
 ter.

To

To cut short my tale, and to close the last scene,
 Like a storm when 'tis hush'd, see the patriot serene;
 In a twinkling behold a bright coronet rise,
 How it ties up his tongue! how it dazzles his eyes.

With the hoard of mad Pynsent, a pension, a place,
 With a peerage, the badge of his lordship's disgrace;
 With a load of gold boxes, from boroughs and cities,
 With his bluff'ring speeches, and half written ditties.

May he spend, yet unpitied, the rest of his days,
 Unambitious of sway, undeserving of praise;
 Unhuzza'd by a mob, unendear'd to his friends.
 Ever rack'd by the gout, ever tortur'd by fiends.

Ye chronicle wits, ministerially wise,
 Who to-morrow revere, what to-day ye despise,
 Be my sentence confirm'd -- since the die is now cast,
 "That a *coronet* damns every *patriot* at last."

A TRIFLER.

AN EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

HAVING heard that your doggel's in mighty re-
 nown,

(For a great many people can read in this town)

And not without some little cause to expect

Such flatt'ry, as goes to one's heart to reject:

I have

I have dipp'd in the standish, intending to try
 My right-hand at verse—tho' the muse is but shy.
 You have heard of the wonderful works of one Pitt,
 Who so oft in Dom. Com. has brought forth a good
 hit :

Lord ! Sir, there was hardly a man of them all,
 If he wrestled with Will, but was sure of a fall.
 Since the days of Sir Richard, renowned in song,
 No mortal has e'er been so loud or so long,
 With large words and Latin, in patriot oration,
 He led by the nose many heads of this nation :
 And, t'enable his spirits and purse to hold out,
 He receiv'd a fine snuff-box at ev'ry good bout ;
 The lid and the rims were all lacquer'd with gold,
 And might, if they are not already, be sold.
 Mr. D——H——, and arms of the city,
 I dare say together look wonderful pretty.
 The deputy deals in profound allegory,
 And holds in his hand, a good * key for history :
 But as I was saying, or going to say,
 This Pitt was a marvellous man in his day :
 He made us like so many bees in a hive,
 Sweat and toil to pay taxes, that battle might thrive.
 And really, dear friend, do but give him his due,
 He made both the French and the Spaniards look
 blue.

Our soldiers most ardently pray'd for their foes,
 And then beat their brains out, as all the world knows.
 Our general once chanc'd to be slaughter'd—and then
 Pitt said he was sorry—said Beckford Amen.

* Vide speeches of common council.

It would do your heart good, should you e'er come to
town,

To hear how their parliament speeches go down :

There a party to swallow, a party to pour,

So the gulpers stand gaping for sense by the hour.

They're sure, honest souls ! he can ne'er be in jest,

Who harangues till he's hoarse, and knocks oft on his
breast.

In a winter or two, I suppose each oration,

Well chew'd, will again be spew'd out on the nation :

For the substance of matter continues the same,

As Newton avers, tho' it changes its name ;

So for aught one can tell, e'en this letter of mine

May make, turn'd to prose, a young senator shine.

Three mighty great things are time, manner, and
place,

To give both our laws and ourselves a good face !

But I stop—for digressions, when once they've the
rein,

Throw us off, tug as hard as we can at the mane.

A man that is gouty, or has a lame leg,

Elsewhere for self-int'rest, may set up to beg ;

Not so at Saint Stephen's—when cripples come }
there,

All subscriptions requested, they solemnly swear,

Are for poor old Britannia, whose back is quite
bare. }

With one hand in flannel, and one on his side,

He would gently begin, like an infantine tide ;

And

And, as that by degrees all the bank overflows,
 So from whispers he soon came to brawling and blows:
 " Those Germans may shift for themselves as they
 like ;

As long as Great Britain has round her a dyke
 To defend her from harm, let her rest in content ;
 Not a man, not a shilling shall from her be sent."

This doctrine was orthodox only a while,
 For he has, Sir, a vast variation of style.

Of late we have heard him rebuking his brother,
 For provoking pert boys to bepiss their own mother,
 He spoke like an angel, a great many say,
 And beat six or seven quite out of their play,
 Being serious and comic, being grave, being gay. }
 How are innocent quarrels embowel'd since then,
 For statues to honour that best of all men ;
 Buckles, buttons, and studs, in America worn,
 Signs, ribbons, and tea-pots with Pitt they adorn,
 The good folk of Bath, to exceed all the rest,
 Rous'd old royal Bladud, asleep in his nest :
 They rous'd him, I say, when he strait fell a praising,
 In strong black letter-print, which was us'd former
 days in :

But now, that king Bladud's again under ground,
 They have alter'd their tone, and are looking around
 For the Coehorns of rhyme with scurrility stor'd,
 To sling at the head of the God they ador'd.
 'Tis amazing to think, but the men of this land,
 Who are not lords themselves, cannot oft understand
 How

How virtue and sense can reside in a Peer—
 And Pit is become my lord Chatham. I fear
 This vulgar opinion 'bout Lords is not true ;
 For since I've been from home, I have seen one or
 two,

Who were rul'd by their wives, and went in the
 rain,

Which shews wisdom and goodness I think very
 plain.

Not a maker of ballads in all this great town,
 But is priming his piece to knock poor Chatham
 down.

Nay, the ladies that traffic in love round the Garden,
 Drink his downfall in gin, to the very last farthing.

The news-papers all are as sly as they can be
 With W——'s and P——'s and * * * * * I hope
 you understand me.

For my part (for I think 'tis a shame to stand out,
 And see a poor lord so belabour'd about)
 As I find upon trial, a knack to compose
 A caustic in verse, ten times hotter than prose,
 I'm resolv'd in some Chronicle soon to have at 'em,
 Subscribing myself at the bottom Phil—Chatham,

I may do him much good, and one knows not for
 certain,
 He may leave me a box, when he thinks of departing ;
 Or perhaps (which is more to be wish'd for by far)
 He may make me Jackall in his next German war.

I am, dear friend, yours sincerely.

PROPOSALS

PROPOSALS

FOR PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION

(Taken from Mr. Hogarth's famous picture of Mr. Garrick, in the character of Richard the Third)

THE PRINT OF A LATE COMMONER.

This Print will be published before the opening of the next session of
p——t.

A SPECIMEN OF THE WORK.

THE late G — t C — will be laying on his couch, dressed with his coronet and robes; and his hands and feet wrapped up in flannel, and starting at the ghosts that appear to him in his sleep, and address him in imitation of the ghosts in Shakespeare.

Enter the ghost of Sarah dutchess of Marlborough.

The first was I that help'd thee to be known,
But not the last that finds thee an apostate.
In the debate, O think on Marlborough,
And shrink in terror of thy guiltineis.

Enter the ghost of Robert earl of Orford.

When I was living, my fair character
By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
Think on the Tower and me, despair and die;
The injur'd Orford bids thee droop and die.

Enter

Enter the ghost of Ralph Allen, Esq;

Let me be laid within thy bosom, Ch——m,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and sorrow;
I thought thee once deserving of my friendship;
But now a convert made by truth and justice
I join thy new pursuers, once thy friends:
If any pains can *adequate* thy crimes,
May they, thou arch impostor, now await thee.

Enter the ghost of Sir William Pynsent.

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow;
Pynsent that raised thy fortune—not thy fame;
Think on my wronged heirs, who now with justice
Curse the false *patriot* in their humble state,
And join with me to execrate his baseness;
Let all their wrongs to-morrow be remembred,
And sink thy edgless tongue.

Chorus of English ghosts destroyed in Germany.

Awake, awake, inhuman murderer;
Think how we bled to raise thy once-lov'd name,
Which now, alas! lies bury'd in a title,
Bloody and guilty; guilty, now awake,
To future *peers* a terrible example.

The ghost of William Earl of Bath.

Brother in guilt, remember me to-morrow:
Let not my fate o'erwhelm thy trembling soul!
I that was wasted to death by fulsome honours:

H

Poor

Poor Bath !

Unpitied and dishonoured, now appear
To warn thee of the danger of to-morrow ;
O think on me !

This print will be distributed *gratis* to the late G—t
C——r's remaining friends in the common council,
as few copies will now serve that purpose.

Subscriptions to be taken in at Mr. D—'s, at North-
End, at ald——n B——d's in Soho-Square, and
at the Peer's new friend, colonel W. B—e, V—e
T——r of I——d.

THE E—L OF C——M'S APOLOGY.

THE western sun had sought his ev'ning grave,
Deep in the bosom of th' Atlantic wave ;
The silver moon now reign'd with fainter pow'r,
And grac'd the horrors of the midnight hour ;
Thousands of spangled orbs combin'd their ray,
To cheer the absence of the god of day ;
Indulgent nature, hail'd the tranquil scene,
And lull'd to rest the drowsy race of men ;
Save *pow'r-craving P-tt*,—his full-blown soul,
Bursting to seize unlimited controul,
Ne'er knew the calm which smoothes the ruffled breast,
Nor felt the joys that spring from even rest.

Wild

Wild with ambition, and with pride elate,
In thought he triumph'd in his car of state;
 Enjoy'd his fancied flight on eagle's wings,
 And form'd his footstool on the necks of kings;
 Saw northern potentates obey his nod,
 And Persia hail the *self-created* God.
 Phantoms like these amus'd the *patriot's* sight,
 When lo!—the clock pronounc'd the dead of night,
 Sudden the closet shook—the lights burnt blue,
 And gaudy fancy all her joys withdrew,
 A ghastly form before his table stood,
 Chill'd his pale cheek, and froze his vital blood;
 Conscious of guilt, he pray'd to be forgiv'n,
 And trembling in his chair, cry'd—Mercy heav'n!
 A verdant crown the horrid spectre wore,
 Blushing with fruit thy choicest orchards bore,
O ill-requited Pynsent! in his hand
 Thrice he produced that deed which gave his land;
 Thrice wav'd that guilty deed in wild despair,
 And thrice repentant wept his beggar'd heir;

G H O S T.

I rise, ungrateful man, the spirit said,
 From the dark mansions of the horrid dead;
 From shades, where wounded conscience ever grieves,
 Where *specious worth* no longer man deceives;
 Where station'd furies strip the *pension'd knave*,
 And lash the sinner, be he prince or slave;
 Where practis'd merit knows eternal bliss,
 And man appears the real man he is;

Where low ambition trembles at the rod,
 Worship'd an earth, an idol or a god.
Bath who can see, and not his fate deplore,
 Stript of those honours virtuous *Pult'ney* wore?
 In vain he weeps the incens'd patriot's name,
 In vain he struggles for reviving fame;
 Scorn and reproach for ever wound his ear,
 And shame reviles the mean ignoble peer.
 Such, such is *Bath*!—but know, the fates decree
 Pangs more severe, and sharper pains for thee;
 For thee, but yesterday thy monarch's choice,
 Thy country's bulwark, and her people's voice:
 Deluded youth thy brows with laurels grac'd,
 And echo'd, "*long live Brutus*," as you pass.
 Your manly speech inspir'd the breast of age,
 And taught new virtues to th' experienc'd sage;
 With softer flow, pathetic and refin'd,
 You taught their country's love to womankind;
 With grief like thine, expiring laws to see,
 And seek their great deliverer in thee.
 E'en * *Sarah*'s heart obdurate, cold as steel,
 Whose stubborn nature long had blush'd to feel,
 Dissolv'd like wax before thy magic tongue,
 And paid with gratitude th' enchanters song;
Ten thousand pounds, (nay! shrink not) was your fee,
To live unplac'd, unpension'd, and be free.
 How you deserv'd great Minos will descry,
 Your faith a prostitute, your fame a lie.

Skill'd in all tricks to varnish your intent,
 That art can spin, hypocrisy invent,

* *Sarah* duchess of *Marlborough*.

You borrow'd ev'ry form, and ev'ry dye,
 That Proteus wore to captivate the eye;
 Till by degrees credulity believ'd,
 And Britons heard——*again* to be deceiv'd.
 As latent sparks unwilling to expire,
 Break out at once, and burst into a fire;
 So your long-clouded glory blaz'd a-new,
 Darting its rays where England's genius flew,
 From pole to pole, from Paris to Peru.

Flush'd with *great words*, in readiness at call,
 At morn you destin'd *Hanover to fall*,
 Lamenting Britain with a filial care,
 Drain'd by the leeches of a German war.
 At noon, like speckled snakes you shed your skin,
 Retaining still your native craft within;
 By *German machinations won to grace*,
 You turn'd a *German advocate for place*;
 Loudly revok'd that known approv'd decree,
 Empire your object, tenderness your plea;
 Profusely lavish'd the Exchequer's store,
 And dy'd th'affrighted Elbe with British gore,
 Till numbers fail'd, and funds would yield no more.
 But oh! how vain, how futile is th' attempt
 To paint imposture's form! The world's contempt
 Displays a mirror to your conscious eye;
 Will sting your soul and give your heart the lie.
 Yet e'er th'approaching dawn, with gentle hand
 Raises the veil of night, the fates command
 My quick return, to cold and endless gloom,
 Where one day Ch—m must *unermind* come:

Time hurries on, few moments now remain
To tell my tale, my source of lasting pain.

Now Ch—m hear———I am the restless shade
Of *Pynsent*, lately call'd to join the dead ;
Varied with errors, but unknown to crime,
I pass'd the blushing years of nature's prime,
Till hast'ning on to life's cool ev'ning stage,
With my first crime, I stain'd my hoary age.
I lov'd (weak man !) not wisely, but too well,
My liberty, my rights, and country's weal ;
Deaf to th'endearing ties of lineal blood,
My patriot heart, intent on public good,
Insensibly forgot my ancient name,
And plung'd my heirs in poverty and shame ;
Frantic with zeal I thought *thee* all divine,
And Britain's darling son adopted mine ;
My progeny forgot, in *P-it* alone,
I felt the friend, the kinsman and the son ;
Like saints enraptur'd, I ador'd his name,
And pledg'd my wealth and honour on his fame,
Compell'd my heirs to court their chosen lord,
And beg the scatter'd bounties of his board ;
Inhuman judgment ! sentence too severe !
Which harden'd criminals would weep to hear ;
But I with vanity completely curst,
I, of all slaves, the basest and the worst,
Cold and inflexible to nature's voice,
Worship'd my idol, and extoll'd my choice ;
Happy ! thrice happy ! now my *P-it* was free,
My cuntry's welfare was a debt to me.

Say,

Say, Ch—m, if one faint, one feeble ray
 Of *P-tt's* late truth, still lives in Ch—m's clay;
 Say, if your heart don't dread to be sincere,
 What little passion lurks and governs there?
 What strange extravagant contempt of fame
 Seduc'd your wish to change it for a name?
 Did B——e again hang out his badge of grace
 To fix your doubts of coming into place?
 Will Scotch protection raise your drooping cause?
 Will Scotch alliance furnish lost applause?
 Or dwindled into childhood, by decay
 Of nature, did you doat on childish play,
 Pleas'd with a bubble at your close of day?
 Your city friends, so smooth in rhyme and wit,
 So copious in their flow and praise of *P-tt*,
 No more address, now *Ch——m's* at the steerage,
 Nor strain a panegyrick on your peerage!
 Oh! what a sudden falling off is here!
 No more the mob applauds, the wise revere!
 No more the th' admiring crouds your deeds unfold!
 Nor adulation sues with box of gold!
 Your shrine's eras'd, your day of glory set,
 Your popularity——as dead as *P-tt*!
Ch——m and pride may crimson trappings wear,
 But freedom's honest soul disdains the peer.

CHATHAM.

Angels and ministers of grace above,
 And ye bless'd spirits of th' Elysian grove!
 If age and innocence deserve your care,
 Protect my tortur'd heart from mad despair;
 Dispell this scene of horror and dismay,
 And lead me safely to the verge of day.

Hear then, dread ghost, great *Pynsent's* awful shade,
 Living, my friend, my benefactor, dead;
 Hear and avert thy judgment too severe,
 And view thy *P-tt*, still triumph in the peer.
 Weary of *c——ts*, of *fav'rites*, and of *k——gs*,
 Still hoping better days, and better things;
 Foil'd in my plan to be supremely great,
 And guide alone the *c——l*, *c——h*, and *state*;
 My speech and effigy to *Boston* sent,
 For public worship, and the mob content;
 I steer'd my little cock-boat into port,
 The scourge of pirate ministers at *c——rt*;
 Well arm'd, well fitted, in my neutral state;
 To sail again, and share my country's fate,
 Should services so poor but free as mine
 Be call'd to *save her* in her last decline.
 This plan arrang'd, I sought that honour'd seat
 Which *Pynsent's* bounty chose for my retreat;
 Which gen'rous *Pynsent* sever'd from his line,
 O matchless publick worth! to graft on mine.
 Here, calm and gentle as the noon-tide breeze,
 Day follow'd day, and health return'd with ease:
 No more I felt the stings of projects cross'd,
 Of systems baffled, or of *questions lost*:
 Slave to no party, council to no plan,
 I thought, enjoy'd, and liv'd a private man:
 Wishful to feel, now glory's race was run,
 My ev'ning fet, like a mild summer's sun.

Blest state of peace! but oh! the change how soon,
 My morning with was clouded ere 'twas noon.
 Again my country courted me away,
 Woo'd me to act, and promis'd to obey;

With

With condescending bounty, next the th——ne
 Plac'd me the first, and bid me *guide alone*,
Omnipotent, responsible to none.

Courted, solicited, and sent for too,

What man, to freedom, and his country true,

What mortal man, tho' most averse to place,

Could frown, refuse, and spurn his country's grace,

Let *Pynsent*, virtuous *Pynsent*, judge my case?

By tender feelings mov'd for Britain's fate,

Not dazzled with the pomp and pride of state,

Sudden I wak'd from fancy's filken dreams,

Of rural solitude, and languid streams;

Of days, devoted to my friends and wife,

And moral virtues form'd for private life;

Gave in my plan, while fortune blest'd the day,

And peerage strew'd her flowers in my way.

Let malice inch by inch my conduct scan,

And folly censure, e'er she knows my plan;

Let rancour dive into the womb of time,

In search of tales, to blacken me with crime;

My youthful soul sprung early to one end,

My riper years the same great course shall bend,

Virtue my guardian, liberty my friend.

Think not to scatter terrors on my head,

By stale examples muster'd from the dead;

With joy I saw, how virtuous *Pult'ney* shin'd,

The brightest, bravest, weakest, of mankind!

But when I saw my country drop a tear,

I wept the patriot and curs'd the peer.

But what had *Pult'ney's* glory, or decline,

His fame, or peerage, to compare with mine;

Man-

Mankind is alter'd since the days of *Bath*,
 Tho' *S—dys* still puzzles in the same dull path.
 Freedom at length has fix'd her wav'ring seat,
 Ambitious to promote the good and great ;
 Studious to still the waves of party rage,
 And link in harmony, each rank and age ;
 Of vice's growth to lop the spreading root,
 That virtue's sickly plant may spring and shoot ;
 Bent to reform the canker'd mass of things,
 Till Britain's sons are free as British k—gs ;
 Till placemen seek the honour, not the fee,
 And scorn emoluments like *Pratt* and *me* ;
 Till each great I—d his country shall revere,
 And to the statesman join the patriot peer.

When these great systems shall refine our times,
 To the pure temper of Saturnian climes,
 (For now I see that blest auspicious day)
 Faction will sink, and party die away :
 The mob again *spontaneously* will join
 To deck my image, and adorn my shrine ;
 Forsaken, distanc'd *T—ple* will relent,
 S——h reform and L——n repent ;
 W——th his latent talents will display,
 And T—— settle—— for perhaps a day ;
 B——d will buzz, too feeble then to sting,
 And G——ge lament in vain my soaring wing ;
 Whilst I, too great to dread a *future* fall,
 Rule and ordain from R—chm—d to Wh-te--H-ll ;
 Preside at ev'ry B——d, tho' nam'd to none,
 And nobly in my *closet guide alone* :

Such sweets of government can never fail
 When C———m *steers*, and B——e supplies the gale.
 O L———e thou injur'd new connected friend——

GHOST.

Peace! ere thy tongue grows lavish to commend,
 And thy mean heart betrays thy secret end.
 Take back thy broken faith, which art in vain
 Strives to repair, to burnish and maintain:
 Take back thy flatt'ring tributes to the dead,
 And *know thy destiny* by fate decreed.
 " Ordain'd to act, a fav'rite *once remov'd*,
Sought but not dreaded, courted but not lov'd,
 Thou'lt find thy projects baffled, soon as plann'd,
 And thy large views of empire at a stand:
 Till lost, and sunk in popular disgrace,
 Thou'lt curse too late thy peerage and thy place;
 And when by slow disease and anguish torn
 Thy mortal frame is destin'd to the urn,
 Perhaps some pension'd friend *for shew may mourn*:
 Then, (for on earth ye trod one common path)
 Thy fleeting soul will meet its comrade *Bath*."
 But hark——the cock the harbinger of day,
 With morning song proclaims the dawning ray;
 Farewell—I slept in peace, while *P-tt* was free,
 Live and repent—farewell——remember me!

TO LORD C——M.

AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

FORgive, my lord, an homely muse,
 Too plain by flatt'ry to amuse,
 Too free to hope or fear;
 I come not with obsequ'ous bow,
 To sooth, protest, recant, or vow,
 Like temporising Cl——re

Nor meek and trembling with despair,
 To drop a penitential tear,
 And sue to be forgiv'n;
 Unfit to sneak about a court,
 I live where freedom's sons resort,
 Beneath an humbler heav'n.

Friend to the law, the church, and king,
 As numbers flow, I boldly sing,
 And praise where praise is due:
 When laws enslave, I blot the plan,
 When *Spendthrifts guide*, I brand the man,
 Tho' great, or proud as you;

There was a time, I must be plain,
 Ere adulation turn'd your brain,
 Ere pow'r unmask'd your pride;
 When you, my lord, diffus'd afar,
 Your lustre, like the northern star,
 Britannia's hope and guide.

But

But now these rays are over-cast,
 Your sun has now his zenith past,
 Declining are your fires ;
 No more Britannia meek and tame,
 Like a fond mistress fans your flame,
 Nor courts your wild desires.

Cast-off, impoverish'd, undone,
 She weeps, her health and fortune gone,
 Whilst your new love rejoices ;
 But her's is no uncommon state,
 'Tis but the just decree of fate,
 To dames who make such choices.

America, her rival flame,
 That rough, imperious, haughty dame,
 As dark in heart as feature ;
 With your opinions to comply,
 Forces all bonds of legal tie
 Of gratitude and nature.

Rais'd by the fondest mother's care,
 She wounds that mother to despair,
 Who gave her ease and wealth ;
 Tutor'd to serve your odious ends,
 For you she cheats herself and friends,
 With you intrigues by stealth.

Such is the nature of your sex,
 Regardless whom you please or vex,
 You change from one to t'other ;
 'Tis lustful passion tempts the man,
 When daughters give up all they can ;
 Like you to quit the mother.

This may be folly deem'd in youth,
 Ere constancy and social truth,
 Grow with the growth of time;
 Yet sure in life there is a stage,
 When treachery's a stain to age,
 When want of faith's a crime.

In vain again you meanly fly,
 With golden promise, flatt'ring sigh,
 For refuge to her arms;
 Wisely she shuns th'attractive flame,
 That blaz'd but to undo her fame,
 Her fortune, health and charms.

Britannia now has found a friend,
Active and able to defend,
 Accessible and true;
 On *Grenville* she has cast her eye,
 From him expects that rich supply
 Of wealth, she *lost* by you.

From his abundant depth of mind,
 Resources flow of every kind,
 To ease, correct, or heal;
 Frugal of treasures not his own;
 He bribes no hungry courtier's frown,
 He dreads no foes appeal.

Averse to shed Britannia's blood,
 His ruling passion's public good,
 His liberty, her law;
 Reviv'd by these salubrious pow'rs,
 She'll rest again on beds of flow'rs,
 And strength from plenty draw.

ROSE BLADDE

To William Pitt, sendethe greetynge.

MUCH wondrous goode dothe founte dispense,
More wondrous farre dothe flowe thyne elo-
quence.

My springes may aide some palsyed lymb to free:
Thy myghtier cure—must not compared be:
Britannia's self restor'd—to libertie.—

Be kyndrede streams, O! keepe your wontede
course:

Let Ages probe your uncorrupted source.

May humble crutche bedecke poore Bladyde's
shryne:

Britannia's hearte be offerede uppe at thyne.

Bath, July 18, 1767.

IN the Old Foundling Hospital for Wit is inserted the double-fac'd letter of cardinal Richlieu. An invention of the like kind, is the Jesuits *Double-faced Creed*, which was published in the history of Popery, 1679, and which, according to the different readings, may suit either Papist or Protestant. 'Tis a true portrait of the followers of Ignatius Loyola, and worthy a place in the New Foundling Hospital for Wit.

THE JESUITS-DOUBLE-FACED CREED.

REV.

I hold for false what England's church allows,
 What Rome's church said My confidence disavows.
 Where the king is high The flock can take no shame,
 The flock's misled Who hold the Pope supreme.
 Where the altar's drest The worship's scarce divine,
 The people's blest Whose table's bread and wine.
 He is an ass Who their communion flies,
 Who shuns the mass Is catholic and wise.

IN LATIN.

*Pro fide teneo sanā Quæ docet Anglicana
 Affirmat quæ Romana Videnter mihi vana,
 Supremus quando rex est Tum plebs est fortunata,
 Erraticus tum Grex est Cum caput fiat papa,
 Altare cum ornatur Communio fit inanis,
 Populus tum beatur Cum mensa vino panis,
 Afini nomen meruit Hunc morem qui non capit,
 Missam qui deseruit Catholicus est & sapit.*

HINTS FOR A POLITICAL PRINT.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER, 1767.

HIS E——y the L—— L—— of I—— is
 said to have a singular turn for portrait painting, which he willingly employs in the service of his friends. He performs gratis, and seldom gives them the trouble of setting for their pictures. But I be-

I believe the talents of this ingenious nobleman never had so fair an occasion of being employed to advantage as at present. It happens very fortunately for him, that he has a set of friends, who seem intended by nature the subjects of such a pencil. In delineating their features to the public, he will have an equal opportunity of displaying the delicacy of his hand, and, upon which he chiefly piques himself, the benevolence of his heart. But considering the importance of his present cares, I would fain endeavour to save him the labour of the design, in hopes that he will bestow a few moments more upon the execution. Yet I will not presume to claim the merit of invention. The blindness of chance has done more for the painter than the warmest fancy could have imagined, and has brought together such a group of figures as I believe never appeared in real life, or upon canvas before.

Your principal character, my lord, is a young d—mounted upon a lofty Phaeton; his head grows giddy; his horses carry him violently down a precipice, and a bloody carcase, the fatal emblem of Britannia, lies mangled under his wheels. By the side of this furious charioteer sits Caution without Foresight; a motley thing, half military, scarce civil. He too would guide, but let who will drive, is determined to have a seat in the carriage. If it be possible, my lord, give him to us in the attitude of an orator eating the end of a period, which may begin with, *I did not say I would pledge myself*—The rest he eats.

I

Your

Your next figure must bear the port and habit of a judge. The laws of England under his feet, and before his distorted vision, a dagger, which he calls the law of nature, and which marshals him the way to murder the c—ft—n.

In such good company the respectable p— of the c——I cannot be omitted. A reasonable number of decrees must be piled up behind him, with the word *reversed* in capital letters upon each of them; and out of his decent lips a compliment *a la Tilbury, hell and d——n blast you all*. *N.B.* It would not be amiss to give him the air of farting at the decrees above mentioned.

There is still a young man, my lord, who I think will make a capital figure in the piece. His features are too happily marked to be mistaken. A single line of his face will be sufficient to give us the heir apparent of Loyola, and all the college. *A little more of the devil, my lord, if you please, about the eyebrows; that's enough; a perfect Malagrida, I protest!* So much for his person; and as for his mind, a blinking bull-dog placed near him, will form a very natural type of all his good qualities.

These are the figures, which are to come forward to the front of the piece. Your friendship for the—— of ——, will naturally secure a corner in the retirement for him and his curtain. Provided you discover him on a bed, with a magic wand in his hand, any one of Aretine's postures will suit him; for if same be not too partial, there is certainly a bed, upon which he has exhibited with uncommon grace and activity in them all.

If

If there are still any vacancies in the canvas, you will easily fill them up with fixtures or still life. You may shew us half a paymaster for instance, with a paper stuck upon the globe of his eye, and a label out of his mouth, *No, Sir, I am of t'other side, Sir*. How I lament that sounds cannot be conveyed to the eye!

You may give us a C——r in Ch—— and a S—— at W—— seeming to pull at two ends of a rope, while a slipknot in the middle may really strangle three-fourths of the army; or a lunatic brandishing a crutch, or bawling through a grate, or writing with desperate charcoal a letter to North America; or a Scotch secretary teaching the Irish people the true pronunciation of the English language. That barbarous people are but little accustomed to figures of oratory, so that you may represent him in any attitude you think proper, from that of Sir G——t E—— down to Gov. J——ne. These however are but the slighter ornaments of composition, and so I leave them to the choice of your own luxurious fancy.

The back ground may be shadowed with the natural obscurity of Scotch clerks and Scotch secretaries, who may be *itched* out to the life with one hand grasping a pen, the other rivetted in their respective posteriors. Your southern writers are apt to rub their foreheads in the agony of composition; but with Scotchmen, the seat of inspiration lies in a lower place, which, while the FUROR is upon them, they lacerate without mercy. By this delectable friction, their imaginations become as prurient as their backsides, and the

Gilbert Elliot
 1840

latter are relieved from one sort of matter, while their brains are supplied with another. Every thing they write in short is polished *ad unguem*.

But amidst all the licence of your wit, my lord, I must intreat you to remember that there is one character too high, and too sacred even for the pencil of a peer, though your lordship has formerly done business for the family. Besides, the attempt would be unnecessary. The true character of that great person is engraven in the hearts of the Irish nation; and as to a false one, they need only take a survey of the person and manners of their chief governor, if, in the midst of their distresses, they can laugh at the perfect caricatura of a k—.

CORREGGIO.

ON THE EXECUTION OF JOHN AYLIFFE, ESQ.

FOR A FORGERY RESPECTING LORD HOLLAND.

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

JUVENAL.

107 **A**Yliffe and —, when call'd, in days of old,
Their stinking carcases, like bunters, sold,
Each serv'd alternate, the lascivious * dame,
Alike their merits, poverty and fame;

* Mrs. H——r.

Alike

Alike their toils ! Ah ! why unlike their fate ?
 One villain hangs, the other robs the state,
 With ermin'd pride his father's livery lines,
 Power sprung from lust with endless wealth
 combines,
 And like to Bute in all a first rate patriot shines.

A NEW AND HUMOUROUS METHOD OF READING
 THE NEWS-PAPERS.

FOR several months past I have resided in the country, with a very agreeable family, about forty miles from London. The *environs* were most delightful, and we had plenty of shooting, fishing, walking, and riding. But as the weather was frequently such as obliged us to keep within doors, we then endeavoured to amuse ourselves with cards and news-papers. Cards to those who love play, are a vast fund of amusement. Every time the spots and pictures are shuffled, they afford fresh entertainment ; but this is by no means the case with regard to news-papers ; for when you have once perused the four pages of unconnected occurrences, and miscellaneous advertisements, the abrupt transitions from article to article, without the smallest connection between one paragraph and another, overload and confuse the memory so much, that, when you are questioned, you can never give a tolera-

ble account of what you have been reading. Hence it is, that one so often sees people peruse two or three news-papers, and throw them down, one after another, with the constant complaint of, *Not a syllable of news—Nothing at all in the papers*, to the great discredit of those daily vehicles of intelligence, and the great detriment of you, Sir, and the rest of your brethren. Now, this is extremely unjust; for the fault (as already hinted) is not in the news-papers, but in the readers having taken too copious a dose, consisting of an olio, or mixed composition of politics, religion, picking of pockets, puffs, casualties, deaths, marriages, bankruptcies, preferments, resignations, executions, lottery-tickets, India bonds, Scotch pebbles, Canada bills, French chicken-gloves, auctioneers, and quack-doctors. What a curious jumble is this, and what wonder is it, that four folio pages of it, consisting of four columns each, should prove too potent a dose for the memory of most readers? But in pursuing this matter, I had almost lost sight of the point I had originally in view, when I began this letter; which was to shew, that *news-papers*, as well as *cards*, were capable of affording a *variety* of entertainment. At present I shall only mention one improvement in reading the papers, which we practised in the country with great success; and that was, after we had read the paper in the old trite vulgar way, i. e. each column by itself *downwards*, we next read two columns together *onwards*; and by this *new* method found much more entertainment than

than in the *common* way of reading, with a greater variety of articles, curiously blended, or strikingly contrasted. In short, *blind chance* brought about the strangest connections, and frequently coupled persons and things the most heterogeneous, things so opposite in their nature and qualities, that no man alive would ever have thought of joining them together.

— *placidis coeunt immitia*, —

Serpentes avibus geminantur, tigribus agni.

As I always carry a pencil in my pocket, I used to set down those that were most remarkable; and now send you a collection of them, to be inserted in your paper. I hope my very good friend and patron the public will receive this attempt with his usual candour and indulgence, as it tends to promote the practice of reading, and to enlarge the circle of innocent amusement,

PAPIRIUS CURSOR.

The sword of state was carried —
before Sir John Fielding, and committed to
Newgate.

Last night, the princess royal was baptized
Mary, alias Moll Hacket, alias Black Moll.

This morning the Right Hon. the Speaker —
was convicted of keeping a disorderly house.

This day his Majesty will go in state to
fifteen notorious common prostitutes.

Their R. H. the dukes of York and Gloucester
were bound over to their good behaviour.

At

At noon her R. H. the Princess Dowager was
married to Mr. Jenkins an eminent taylor.

Lord Chatham took his seat in the house of
And was severely handled by the populace.

Friday a poor blind man fell into a saw-pit,
to which he was conducted by Sir Clement Cottrel—

'Tis said that a great opposition is intended
—— Pray stop it, and the party——

A certain commoner will be created a peer,
* * No greater reward will be offered.

John Wilkes, Esq; fet out for France,
being charged with returning from transportation.

Last night a most terrible fire broke out,
And the evening concluded with the utmost festivity,

At a very full meeting of common council
the greatest shew of horned cattle this season.

Removed to Marybone, for the benefit of the air,
The city and liberties of Westminster.

Lately came out of the country,
the Middlesex hospital, enlarged with a new wing.

The Free-Masons will hold their annual grand lodge
N. B. The utmost secrecy may be depended on.

Yesterday the new Lord Mayor was sworn in,
afterwards tossed and gored several persons.

When the honour of knighthood was conferred on him
to the great joy of that noble family.

A fine turtle, weighing upwards of eighty pounds,
was carried before the sitting alderman.

Sunday a poor woman was suddenly taken in labour,
the contents whereof have not yet transpired.

Whereas

Whereas the said barn was set on fire by
an incendiary letter dropped early in the morning.

The king of Prussia has wrote to our court,
“ If yow dant pote sife powns in a fartin plase”

This morning will be married the lord viscount
and afterwards hung in chains pursuant to his sentence.

He was examined before the sitting alderman,
and no questions asked.

The executors of the late Dr. Ward continue
At the horse infirmary near Knightsbridge.

By order of the commissioners for paving
An infallible remedy for the stone and gravel.

To be disposed of, greatly under prime cost,
Nothing under full price will be taken.

The creditors of Mary Jones are desired to meet
I will pay no debts of her contracting.

Any lady desirous of lying in privately
Will be delivered at any part of the town.

Colds caught at this season are
The companions to the playhouse.

Wants a place of all work
A strong-bodied mare, mistress of 16 stone,

Wanted an house-keeper to an elderly gentleman,
warranted sound, wind and limb, free from blemish.

Wanted, to take care of an elderly gentlewoman,
An active young man, just come out of the country.

To be let, and entered on immediately,
A young woman, that will put her hand to any thing.

To be sold to the best bidder,
My seat in parliament being vacated.

E H T

I have

I have long laboured under a complaint
For ready money only.

The Turk's-head bagnio is now opened,
Where may be had, price 5s. in sheets.

One of his majesty's principal secretaries of state
fell off the shafts, being asleep, and the wheels went
[over him.

'Tis said the ministry is to be new modell'd;
The repairs of which will cost the public a large sum
[annually.

This has occasion'd a cabinet council to be held
at Betty's fruit-shop in St. James's street.

Being St. Patrick's day, the tutelary saint of Ireland,
the *standing* committee will *sit* at twelve;

Aged 76 was married to a young girl of eighteen;
The reason of his committing this rash action is
[not known,

'Tis said that A——n B——d will *not* go to the
[South of France,
Another wild beast having appeared in the Gevaudan.

To be disposed of by private contract,
In the room of their late member created a peer;

'Tis thought the election will be warmly contested,
In order to preserve unanimity in the county.

He has just open'd a house for inoculation;
+++ Be careful to have the right sort.

'Genteel places in any of the public offices,
So much admired by the nobility and gentry.

THE ANALOGY

BETWEEN LEGISLATION AND HORSE-RACING

THE swift-pac'd hours convoke again

Our senate on Newmarket's plain;
They mind not here who's out, who's in—
Their contest is, who most shall win.
Here too they drop all party rage—

Far diff'rent heats their thoughts engage.

Once on the turf I'll boldly venture,
My Pegasus the lists shall enter;
Jockies, his wings ye need not dread—
They're weighted by his rider's lead.

I've heard there is a near alliance
'Twixt ev'ry lib'ral art and science;
So the same features we may trace in
Both legislation and horse-racing.

Good laws require good heads to make 'em;
And so do bets, to lay, or take 'em.

Laws are design'd to keep rogues under;
To save your house and purse from plunder.
And he whose noble genius aims
To shine at these olympic games,
And cannot, with superior sleight,
Out-wit the knave, the biter bite,
Must leave the turf, or ever curse
The mis'ries of an empty purse.

I've heard it said, our senate shou'd
Enact their laws for gen'ral good;
And therefore should have hearts that feel
Most warmly for the common-weal.

And

And who can doubt but they inherit
 This noble and exalted spirit,
 That can consign their thousands o'er
 To wretches they ne'er saw before?
 When too (to heighten their deserving)
 Their wives and families are starving?

Does not the saddle represent |
 Taxes, clapt on by parliament?
 Nor has the nation shewn bad sport?
 We humbly thank their honours for't:
 Though some have made complaint of late,
 'Their backs were gall'd with over-weight;
 And that their sides had sorely felt
 The whip and spur full freely dealt;
 Yet hope these patriot-jockies will
 At length, to shew true sportsman's skill,
 Pull in their steeds, quite out of breath,
 Nor push the willing tits to death.

Proceed, ye two-fold legislators
 Of horses and your fellow creatures;
 Keep well your seats, nor vote, nor ride,
 On post's or ministry's wrong side;
 So shall the purse your pockets fill,
 And grooms and statesmen praise your skill.)

EXTRAORDINARY ADVERTISEMENTS

FROM THE LONDON EVENING POST OF DECEMBER 12,
AND 22, 1767.

December 6th, 1767.

WHereas a person, who stiles himself major Brereton, has falsly and scandalously aspersed the characters of several gentlemen, members of the *Jockey Club*; it is unanimously agreed, at a general meeting of the *Jockey Club*, held this day at the Star and Garter tavern, Pall Mall, that the said Brereton be expelled the new coffee-room at Newmarket; a society instituted purposely to exclude all persons, except those whose conduct and characters intitle them to be received into the company of gentlemen.

Grafton,

Ancafter,

Kingston,

Northumberland,

Up. Offory,

Ashburnham,

G. Selwyn,

Tho. Penton, jun.

John Scot,

Richard Cox,

John Calvert,

March and Ruglen,

Orford,

Tho. Shirley,

Robert Pigott, jun.

Fr. Naylor,

C. Boothby Skrymsher,

Bolingbroke,

T. Charles Bunbury,

Waldegrave,

Robert Brudenell,

George Cavendish,

George Lane Parker,

Barrymore,

Bridgewater,

Gower,

Granby,

J. S. Douglass.

Whereas

WHereas an advertisement has been published
 in this paper, signed by twenty-eight persons
 (many of whom are of high rank and distinction)
 to inform the world that they thought fit to expel
 me the new coffee-room of Newmarket, as unworthy
 to be received into the company of gentlemen, be-
 cause I have (as some of them say) falsely and
 scandalously aspersed the characters of several mem-
 bers of the *Jockey Club* : I think it incumbent on me
 to declare (for the further information of the public)
 that the supposed false and scandalous aspersion
 therein alluded to, is my having told his grace the
 duke of Northumberland and lord Ossory, that cer-
 tain members of that club had cheated them and me
 at cards, at the last meeting at Newmarket : I told
 them publicly, because I saw it with my own eyes.
 I told them so, not in secret, but in the presence of
 the accused, the same day in which they had
 cheated. I still insist upon the truth of what I have
 said, and am ready to attest it upon oath. I do not
 here mention the names of the persons who were
 guilty of cheating, because I should thereby incur a
 prosecution, which, I have no doubt, those gentle-
 men would take the advantage of : but being now in
 London, and finding it the only safe way of pub-
 lishing my case, I take this method to declare, that
 I am ready to inform any gentlemen whom these
 persons are, together with all the circumstances of
 their behaviour.

WILLIAM BRERETON.

F I N I S.

London, July 16, 1768.

PROPOSALS for printing **A NEW BARONET-AGE of ENGLAND**: containing an historical and genealogical account of the **ENGLISH BARONETS**, now existing, from the institution of that order, in the reign of King James the First, to the present time. With all the **ARMS** accurately and elegantly engraved.

To the **P U B L I C.**

A New Baronetage of England has for some years been much desired by the public; and indeed the obvious necessity of such a work sufficiently justifies their impatience for it: especially if we consider, that it is now near thirty years since the last compilation of that kind was published, and that the great number of respectable families advanced to this order since that period, and the still greater number of alterations, occasioned by deaths and other occurrences, have rendered the former Baronetages extremely inaccurate and imperfect. To supply the defects, therefore, of preceding publications of this nature, and to accommodate the public with a new and complete Baronetage of England, from the reign of king James I. to the present time, is the design of this performance: towards the perfecting of which several curious and valuable materials have been kindly furnished by some learned friends; many books have been consulted, which had escaped the notice of former editors; and many pedigrees and other authentic accounts examined, to which they had not been able to procure access. With these and the like helps, this Baronetage, it is presumed, will appear to greater advantage than any former

former work of the same kind; yet even with these helps the editors are far from thinking it will be perfect, without the kind assistance of the Baronets themselves or their friends, especially those who have been created since the year 1740; and therefore it is most earnestly requested, that they would be so obliging, as well from a regard to their own honour and dignity, as in compliment to the public, to transmit an account of their families and arms, (or point out where they may be met with) to the publisher, J. ALMON, in Piccadilly, who will take care to forward them to the editors. By this means the work will be rendered accurate and perfect; and each family will have the satisfaction of appearing in the manner that is most agreeable to its wishes. The editors, therefore, cannot conclude without repeating their earnest solicitation to the several families, into whose hands these proposals may fall, to contribute their friendly and generous assistance towards compleating this useful and valuable design.

Printed for J. ALMON, opposite Burlington-House, in Piccadilly.

